Shakeſpear Illuſtrated:

OR THE

NOVELS and HISTORIES,

On which the

PLAYS of SHAKESPEAR

Are Founded,

COLLECTED and TRANSLATED from the

ORIGINAL AUTHORS.

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS.

BY THE

Author of the FEMALE QUIXOTE.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR in the *Strand.*

MDCCLIII.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

The Story of Troilus and Cressida.
1
Observations on the Life Shakespear has made of the foregoing Story in his Tragedy of Hamlet. 25
Shakespear

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

THE History of Doraſtus *and* Fawnia. 1

Obſervations on the Uſe Shakeſpear *has made of the foregoing Novel, in his Play called The* Winter's Tale. 71

The Menæchmi of Plautus. 95

Obſervations on the Uſe Shakeſpear *has made of the* Menæchmi *of* Plautus, *in his* Comedy of Errors. 219

The Story of Amleth, *tranſlated from the* Daniſh *Hiſtory of* Saxo-Grammaticus. 241

Obſervations on the Uſe Shakeſpear *has made of the foregoing Story in his Tragedy of* Hamlet. 261

Shakeſpear

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Shakeſpear Illuſtrated.

The Hiſtory of Doraſtus *and* Fawnia.

BEFORE Chriſtianity appeared in the World, there reigned in *Bohemia* a King, named *Pandoſto*, who was married to a Princeſs of exquiſite Beauty and conſummate Virtue, called *Bellaria*. The Harmony that ſubſiſted between this royal Couple gave the greateſt Satisfaction to all their Subjects, whoſe Happineſs was greatly increaſed by the Felicity of their Sovereigns.

At the End of the firſt Year of their Marriage *Bellaria* was delivered of a Son, who was named *Garrinter*. The *Bohemians* upon

this Occaſion made great Rejoicings over all the Kingdom. And the King, as well to expreſs his own Satisfaction at this happy Incident, as to comply with the Deſires of the People, appointed Juſts and Tournaments in Honour of the young Prince; to which not only many foreign Noblemen reſorted, but alſo ſeveral neighbouring Kings and Princes came to exerciſe their Valour and Judgment at theſe martial Entertainments.

The Sports laſted twenty Days, during which Time the King made a general Feaſt for all his Subjects; and the Kings and Princes, who had been royally entertained, returned home to their reſpective Countries, full of Admiration of the great Magnificence of *Pandoſto*.

The Smiles of Fortune are ſeldom ſincere or laſting; the fickle Goddeſs, weary of beſtowing Favours upon *Pandoſto*, while he was wholly taken up in the Enjoyment of them, prepared a ſad reverſe of Fate for him and the lovely *Bellaria*. *Pandoſto*, from his earlieſt Youth, had contracted and maintained a ſtrict Friendſhip and Correſpondence with *Egiſtus*, the young King of *Sicily*.

This Prince being deſirous of ſhewing that neither Time nor Diſtance of Place could weaken the Force of his Affection for *Pandoſto*, reſolved to viſit him in his own Dominions, to congratulate him upon his Marriage and the Birth of a Son. For this Purpoſe he ordered a ſmall Fleet to be prepared, and with

a ſmall

a ſmall but ſelect Number of Attendants arrived in *Bohemia*.

Pandoſto and his Queen, with a numerous Retinue, went to meet *Egiſtus* at his landing, and carried him to the Palace in the midſt of moſt expenſive Shows and magnificent Arches, which had been prepared and erected for his Reception.

Pandoſto, whoſe Heart overflowed with grateful Tranſport for this Demonſtration of Friendſhip in *Egiſtus*, intreated his Queen to ſhew all imaginable Reſpect and Eſteem to a Prince whom he loved ſo much, and to whom he was ſo highly obliged.

The ſweet *Bellaria*, who had no other Will but that of her Huſband, was eaſily prevailed upon to comply with a Requeſt to which her own Inclinations naturally incited her, for the noble Qualities ſhe obſerved in *Egiſtus* had already produced ſuitable Effects in a Mind, that being virtuous and ſenſible to the higheſt Degree itſelf, could not chuſe but love thoſe Perfections in another.

Bellaria therefore, as well in Obedience to her Huſband's Commands, as in Conſequence of the Friendſhip ſhe had conceived for *Egiſtus*, gave him every Day a thouſand innocent Marks of her Eſteem, which that Prince, who admired and loved her Perfections with all the Warmth of a diſintereſted Friend, did not fail to return with every Inſtance of Gratitude and Reſpect.

This mutual Eſteem gave riſe to an eaſy Confidence and familiar Intercourſe between them; ſo that *Pandoſto* being often engaged with his Miniſters in Affairs of State, *Bellaria* and *Egiſtus* paſſed away the Time in his Abſence in various Diſcourſes and innocent Amuſements, all which at firſt was very pleaſing to *Pandoſto*.

But that unhappy Prince, either becauſe he was conſcious of the ſuperior Merit of *Egiſtus*, or through the natural Bent of his Diſpoſition, began to look with ſuſpicious Eyes on a Friendſhip and Familiarity which he had been ſo ſolicitous to form: Doubtful and uneaſy Thoughts aroſe in his Mind, he reflected on the irreſiſtable Charms of *Bellaria*, and the manly Beauty and noble Qualities of *Egiſtus*, and thought it impoſſible that two Perſons ſo formed to pleaſe ſhould be inſenſible to each others Merit.

Theſe Doubts having entered his Mind, he fed his growing Jealouſy with continual Obſervations on the Looks and Words of his Friend and Wife; and prejudiced as he now was, their innocent Familiarity appeared to him to be a convincing Proof of their guilty Paſſion; Suſpicion was now changed to abſolute Certainty; he no longer looked upon *Egiſtus* as his Friend and Gueſt, but as the Deſtroyer of his Honour, and the Violater of his Queen.

A violent Hatred ſucceeded the tender Affection he once bore to *Egiſtus*; and thoſe Smiles of Love with which he had always been

been accuſtomed to behold the charming *Bellaria*, gave Place to ſullen Reſerve and gloomy Frowns: Racked with the tormenting Remembrance of his fancied Wrongs, the Deſire and Hope of Revenge afforded him ſome Intervals of Eaſe.

He reſolved therefore to poiſon *Egiſtus*, and while his Mind was labouring how to execute his cruel Purpoſe with Security, his Words and Behaviour ſtill wore an Appearance of Friendſhip and Reſpect.

Pandoſto had a Cup-bearer, named *Franion*, whom, becauſe he had always ſhewn an inviolable Attachment to his Perſon, he believed it would be eaſy to perſuade to execute his purpoſed Vengeance on the King of *Sicily*.

To this Man therefore the jealous Monarch communicated his ungenerous Deſign, and promiſed him a large Reward, if when the next Time that *Egiſtus* called for Drink at his Table, he would put Poiſon in his Cup.

Franion ſhuddered with Horror at this inhuman Propoſition; and with all the Freedom of a good Man and a faithful Subject he endeavoured to diſſuade his King from his barbarous Purpoſe. He repreſented to him that Murder was an unpardonable Offence to the Gods, and abhorred by all Mankind, that ſuch unnatural Crimes not only drew down the Wrath of Heaven upon the Perpetrators of them, but the Revenge of Men. He urged to him the ſacred Laws of Hoſpitality,

that *Egiſtus* was his Gueſt, his Friend and Ally; that any Cruelty committed upon his Perſon would brand his Name with perpetual Infamy, and ſow the laſting Seeds of Diſcord and Hatred between the *Sicilians* and *Bohemians*; and that even his own Subjects would murmur at ſuch an unexampled Piece of Cruelty and Treachery.

Theſe Arguments had no Force with the determined *Pandoſto*, who, perſiſting ſtill in his cruel Reſolution, gave *Franion* his Choice either to poiſon *Egiſtus*, and be rewarded with Riches and Honours, or to ſuffer Death for his Diſobedience.

Franion, ſtaggered by theſe dreadful Threatnings on one Hand, and allured by thoſe great Promiſes on the other, told *Pandoſto* that he would obey him, and as ſoon as a fair Opportunity offered he would poiſon *Egiſtus*.

The King was very well pleaſed with this Promiſe, and reſolved as ſoon as his deſigned Vengeance on *Egiſtus* was executed, to ſacrifice *Bellaria* in the ſame Manner, to his abuſed Love and injured Honour.

When the King was departed, *Franion* having no longer that dreadful Object before his Eyes, threatening Death and Torments if he did not murder the innocent Prince, began to reflect ſeriouſly upon the horrid Deed he had engaged to perform: Murder he thought, however ſecretly and ſecurely committed, might for a Time avoid Danger, but never wholly eſcape Puniſhment; that no Balm, no Lenitive

tive could heal the Stings of a wounded Conſcience, and the Guilt of innocent Blood would always be accompanied with Remorſe and Horror.

He reflected that, though he was a Subject, his King had no Right to his Obedience when his Commands were contrary to the expreſs Will and Pleaſure of the Gods, to whom he owed a higher Duty.

He conſidered, that the peaceful Calm of a contented Mind in an humble Condition was preferable to the reſtleſs Turbulence of Dignity and Riches, when purchaſed with Crimes and ſtained with Blood, and that honeſt Poverty was infinitely better than ſhameful Grandeur.

Seeing therefore that he muſt either die with a clear Mind, or live with a foul and ſpotted Conſcience; his Soul was ſo perplexed between theſe two Extremes that he could take no Reſt; at laſt he determined to diſcover the Affair to *Egiſtus*, and for that Purpoſe he went to his Apartments, and deſiring a private Audience of the King of *Sicily* he was admitted to his Preſence, and in a few Words laid open the whole Conſpiracy againſt him.

The Brave and Generous are not eaſily induced to believe thoſe they love are capable of Baſeneſs and Ingratitude. *Egiſtus* judging of *Pandoſto*'s Heart by the Rectitude of his own, told *Franion* with a ſevere Countenance, that he would not entertain a Thought to the Prejudice of the King of *Bohemia*'s Honour.

"*Pandoſto*, continued he, is my Friend and Ally, no Suſpicion has ever yet interrupt-

ed our mutual Affection, I did not come here to invade his Territories, to ſeduce his Subjects from their Allegiance, or to conſpire with his Enemies. Since therefore I have given him no Cauſe to ſeek my Death, I cannot believe him guilty of ſo unjuſt and treacherous a Deſign; but rather ſuſpect the Information you have given me to be the Effect of a Combination among the *Bohemians*, to create a Variance between me and their King."

Franion replied, "that it was dangerous to dally with the Rage of an incenſed and ſecret Enemy; that if the *Bohemians* had intended any Harm to him they might eaſily accompliſh it without revealing their Conſpiracy; that it was unkind therefore in his Majeſty to miſconſtrue his Zeal for his Preſervation into a treacherous Deſign, for that his Intention was to prevent Treaſon, not to become a Traitor."

He urged him then to fly with Speed into *Sicily* if he hoped to eſcape the Danger which threatned him, and begged his Majeſty would permit him to go along with him, when if he did not fully prove that *Pandoſto* had deſigned to poiſon him, he deſired that his imagined Treachery might be puniſhed with the moſt cruel Torments.

Egiſtus, weighing the Matter thoroughly in his Mind, gave many Thanks to *Franion*, and promiſing if he arrived ſafe in *Sicily* to reward him royally; he deſired him to contrive the Method of their Eſcape.

Franion

Franion went immediately to conſult with the Admiral of *Egiſtus*'s Fleet, and it was agreed between them, that it ſhould be put in Readineſs to ſail as ſoon as a fair Wind and Opportunity offered.

In the mean Time *Franion* amuſed *Pandoſto* with Hopes of ſoon having his ſo much deſired Revenge accompliſhed, telling him that he was employed in preparing and compounding ſo ſubtle a Poiſon, that the Moment it was ſwallowed would procure immediate Death.

Pandoſto received this News with a malignant Joy, every Hour ſeeming an Age to his impatient Fury till his Revenge was ſatiated with the Death of thoſe who had offended him.

Egiſtus being informed that a favourable Gale had ſprung up, conveyed himſelf and his *Sicilians*, by the Aſſiſtance of *Franion*, out of a Poſtern Gate of the City, with ſuch Secreſy and Expedition, that they got on board their Ships without the leaſt Suſpicion, and ſpreading all their Sails to the Wind ſoon loſt Sight of *Bohemia*.

As ſoon as *Pandoſto* was informed that *Egiſtus* had fled away in the Night, and that *Franion* was gone with him, he let looſe all his Rage upon his Queen, whom he accuſed of conſpiring with *Egiſtus* and the Traitor *Franion*, and commanded ſhe ſhould be led to Priſon.

The *Bohemians* were all alarmed, and ſuſpected ſome Treaſon; and the furious *Pandoſto*

believing the Queen not only guilty of diſhonouring his Bed, but of projecting the Flight of *Egiſtus*, ſent his Guards with Orders to ſeize her.

The innocent *Bellaria* not expecting the impending Storm, was playing with her little Son *Garrinter*, when the Guards, with much Reluctance, came to execute the King's Demands.

The Queen was at firſt aſtoniſhed and turned pale, but recollecting herſelf, and aſſuming all the noble Pride of conſcious Innocence and affronted Virtue, ſhe gave her Hand to the Captain of the Guard, and without murmuring, ſuffered him to lead her to her Priſon, where ſhe ſpent the Time in patient Sorrow and abſolute Reſignation.

Pandoſto, mad with the Diſappointment of his Revenge upon *Egiſtus*, reſolved it ſhould fall doubly heavy on the Head of the injured *Bellaria*, he therefore cauſed it to be proclaimed throughout all his Dominions, that the Queen had committed Adultery with *Egiſtus*, and with his Cup-bearer, *Franion*, had conſpired his Death.

Though the Queen's Life had hitherto appeared blameleſs, yet this confident Proclamation, and the Flight of the King of *Sicily* and *Franion*, raiſed many Suſpicions againſt her in the Minds of the People, who notwithſtanding daily offered up Prayers for her Deliverance.

Her Youth, her Beauty, the Sweetneſs of her Manners, but above all her Misfortunes, excited every one's Compaſſion. But

But the cruel *Pandoſto*, in whoſe rocky Boſom Pity could find no Acceſs, reſolved to load the unfortunate *Bellaria* with every Kind of Infamy and Hardſhip; he would not allow her to be treated in the Priſon with the Reſpect due to the Rank ſhe once held, but cauſed her to be ſerved and attended with the moſt cruel Neglect.

The Cruelties he exerciſed on the Queen did but in Part ſatisfy his Revenge, he longed to make *Egiſtus* feel the Weight of his Fury: But this Monarch was ſo powerful by his Allies, having married the Emperor of *Ruſſia*'s Daughter, that he deſpaired of ever being able by open Force to accompliſh his Revenge.

The unhappy Queen being informed of the vile Accuſation againſt her ſo openly proclaimed, conſcious of her own ſpotleſs Innocence, and the Integrity of *Egiſtus*, earneſtly intreated that ſhe might be brought to a public Trial, confronted with her Accuſer, and allowed to anſwer for herſelf.

But the King was ſo inflamed with Rage and Jealouſy that he would not receive her Petition; and while the poor Queen was thus languiſhing under the Weight of her Calamities, and hopeleſs of Redreſs, ſhe perceived herſelf to be quick with Child.

So affecting an Incident in her melancholy Condition drew Complaints from her, which ſoftening the rugged Temper of her Keeper;

he cauſed the King to be immediately informed of it, not doubting but the News would induce him to ſet her at Liberty.

The Queen's Pregnancy however produced quite a contrary Effect; for the King no ſooner heard of it than ſtarting up in a violent Fury, he ſwore *Bellaria* and her Baſtard ſhould die, even though the Gods themſelves ſhould ſay no.

The Queen, notwithſtanding ſo many cruel Afflictions, was happily delivered of a Daughter; and *Pandoſto* immediately declared his Reſolution to have both the Mother and Child burnt.

The Noblemen of his Court uſed all the Arguments their Reaſon and Humanity could furniſh them with, to prevail upon him to change his barbarous Purpoſe, but all they could do was to prevent the Murder of the Child.

The Queen's Doom he told them was irrevocably fixed, but though at the earneſt Solicitations of his Nobles, he promiſed the Child ſhould not be put to Death, yet the Reſolution he took concerning it was little leſs cruel, ſince by it he only meant to protract its Fate.

He ſent a Perſon to the Priſon with Orders to take the Infant from its wretched Mother, and putting it into a Boat and launching it into the Sea, leave it to the Mercy of the Wind and Waves.

The

The Guards who aſſiſted at this barbarous Deed, moved by the ſweet Countenance of the innocent Babe, could not help accuſing the King of great Cruelty; nevertheleſs Fear of his Reſentment obliged them to execute his Commands.

They put the Child into a Boat, covering it with Boughs to preſerve it from the Inclemency of the Weather, and ſet it into the Ocean, when immediately ſo great a Storm aroſe, that it was with much Difficulty they got to ſhore again.

This horrid Deed accompliſhed, the King aſſembled his Nobles and Counſellors, and *Bellaria* was brought into Court, where ſhe heard the Charge againſt her read.

The Queen, who ſaw nothing but her Death would ſatisfy the incenſed King, confiding in her own Innocence, aſſumed all the Courage her unhappy Condition required, and with a noble Haughtineſs demanded to have Law and Juſtice; "for Mercy, ſaid ſhe, I do not expect; let my Accuſers therefore appear in Court, and give their Evidences before my Face."

Pandoſto replied, "that the Witneſſes were of ſuch Credit that their Words alone were ſufficient; that for her, indeed it was her Part to deny ſuch a monſtrous Crime, and forſwear herſelf, ſeeing that ſhe had overcome all Senſe of Shame and Remorſe in committing it; nevertheleſs,

vertheleſs, added he, you ſhall die, and die a moſt cruel and ignominious Death."

The Queen, not terrified by theſe Threats, replied without any Emotion, "that to proceed to Puniſhment without Proof, was Rigour, not Law."

The Nobles approved of what ſhe ſaid, and required that her Accuſers ſhould be ſworn and openly examined; and if the Queen's Guilt was fully proved, his Majeſty might condemn her to ſuffer the Puniſhment ordained by the Law for ſuch Offences.

The King anſwered, "that in this Caſe he could and would diſpenſe with the Law, and that the Nobles ſhould take his Word for ſufficient Evidence, otherwiſe he would make the proudeſt of them repent it.

This Threat ſtruck them all dumb, but *Bellaria*, who deſpaired of Life, and dreaded Infamy more than Death, ſaid, "if his Will muſt be the Law, the Jury's Verdict will be uſeleſs: Then falling on her Knees, ſhe conjured the King by the Love he bore to the young Prince *Garrinter* his Son, that he would grant her one Requeſt, which was to ſend ſix of his Nobles, in whom he placed the greateſt Confidence, to the Iſland of *Delphos*, and there conſult the Oracle of *Apollo* concerning the Crimes ſhe was accuſed of."

Pandoſto could not refuſe ſo reaſonable a Requeſt, and having named ſix Embaſſadors to be diſpatched with all Speed to *Delphos*, he committed

committed the Queen to cloſe Impriſonment till their Return.

The Ambaſſadors performed their Voyage in three Weeks, and as ſoon as they landed at *Delphos*, they went to the Temple of *Apollo*, and with great Devotion offered Sacrifices to the God, and Gifts to his Prieſts, according to Cuſtom, and then humbly beſought an Anſwer to their Demands.

They had not kneeled long at the Altar, when *Apollo* with a loud Vice ſaid, "*Bohemians*, what you find behind the Altar take and depart;" they obeyed the Oracle, and found a Scroll of Parchment, which the Prieſt commanded them not to open but in the Preſence of the King.

The Ambaſſadors aſſured him of their exact Obedience to his Injunctions, and their Devotions being finiſhed they left the Temple, and ſailed with a fair Wind for *Bohemia*, where they ſoon arrived, and haſtened to Court.

Pandoſto received them very graciouſly, and they after giving him an Account of their Voyage, preſented the divine Scroll to him, intreating him at the ſame Time, ſince the Queen's Life or Death, her Innocence or Guilt, was contained in that ſacred Writing, that he would ſummon the Nobility to meet in the Judgment Hall, and before them and the accuſed Queen cauſe the Oracle to be read.

The

The King approved of their Advice, and on the Day appointed the King and the Nobles being all aſſembled in the Court, the Queen was brought to the Bar, and thus ſpoke.

"How I have led my Life before *Egiſtus* came into *Bohemia*, I appeal, *Pandoſto*, to thy Conſcience, and to the immortal Gods; they only know whether I am guilty of the Crimes whereof I am accuſed; for me, I here proteſt my Innocence, and for the Truth of what I ſay, I refer myſelf to the divine Oracle.

Here *Bellaria* being ſilent, the King commanded one of his Nobles to open the Scroll, which he did, and read aloud the following Words, which were written in Letters of Gold.

The ORACLE.

"Suſpicion is no Proof; Jealouſy is a partial Judge; *Bellaria* is chaſte, *Egiſtus* blameleſs, *Franion* a true Subject; *Pandoſto* treacherous; his Babe innocent, and the King ſhall die without an Heir, if that which is loſt be not found."

After the Oracle was read the Court reſounded with joyful Acclamations; the Queen's Innocence thus manifeſted, filled every Heart with Tranſport.

The King beginning now to be aſhamed of his raſh Jealouſy and unjuſt Suſpicions, not daring

daring to approach the wronged *Bellaria*, deſired his Nobles to implore her to forgive the Injuries he had offered her; and ſtung with Remorſe and Horror at his paſt Actions, he publickly confeſſed his Deſign againſt the Life of *Egiſtus*.

While he was thus laying open his own Treachery, a Meſſenger came haſtily into the Court, and informed the King that the Prince *Garrinter* was dead.

Bellaria, whoſe Soul had been overwhelmed with Joy by the divine Oracle, which had declared her Innocence, was ſeized with ſuch an Exceſs of Sorrow at theſe dreadful Tidings, that her tender Heart, not able to ſupport the Force of theſe contrary Extreams, burſt with the mighty Weight, and ſinking down ſhe expired in a Moment.

The King became ſenſeleſs at this dreadful Sight, and being carried to the Palace, notwithſtanding all the Endeavours of the Phyſicians he lay ſpeechleſs three Days.

The *Bohemians* were in the utmoſt Deſpair, nothing but Mourning and Complaints were to be ſeen and heard; the Death of the Queen and Prince, and the extream Danger the King was in, filled the whole City with Grief and Conſternation; at length he recovered his Senſes and his Speech, and this News in ſome Meaſure revived the drooping *Bohemians*.

But the King's Deſpair was ſo violent that he attempted to murder himſelf, and was with Difficulty

Difficulty prevented by his Nobles, who uſed all the Arguments they could think of to calm his Mind and perſwade him to bear his Misfortunes patiently.

Their dutiful Cares at laſt ſucceeded, the King grew more patient and reſigned, and gave Orders for the Interment of his Queen and Son, which was performed in the moſt ſolemn and ſplendid Manner.

Once in every Day he went to *Bellaria*'s Tomb, and with Tears of Penitence and Sorrow lamented her unhappy Fate, and his own Misfortunes.

Here we muſt leave this diſtreſſed Prince for a while, to relate what befell the Royal Infant whom we left floating on the Ocean.

The Boat in which it was laid being toſt for two Days with the Wind and Sea, and every Moment ready to periſh in the Waves; it pleaſed the Gods to direct it at laſt to the Coaſt of *Sicily*, where it was drove on Shore.

It fortunately happened that a Shepherd who had miſſed one of his Sheep, not finding it in any of the Covers hard by, came to the Sea-ſide in Hopes it was there browſing on the Sea-Ivy, and hearing the Voice of a Child, which he at firſt miſtook for the Bleating of a Sheep, went to the Sands and ſaw a Boat driven on Ground; he immediately waded towards it, and diſcovered a moſt beautiful Babe lying at the Bottom, wrapt in a Scarlet Mantle

Mantle embroidered with Gold, and a Chain of rich Jewels about its Neck.

The Shepherd, aſtoniſhed at this Adventure, beholding the Beauty of the Infant, and the Riches that were about it, began to think it was ſome little Divinity, and was going to adore it; when the weak Cries of the Child, who ſeemed to be juſt periſhing with Cold and Hunger, perſuaded him it was a meer Mortal.

Compaſſion took the Place of Reverence; he approached the Child, took it into his Arms, and ſuppoſing by the extraordinary Magnificence of its Dreſs that it was of noble Birth, he reſolved to carry it to the King.

As he was wrapping the Mantle cloſe about it to preſerve it better from the Cold, a Bag of Money fell from it at his Feet; which he takeing up, was ſo captivated with the Sight, that changing his Deſign he determined to breed up the Infant himſelf, and apply the Money to his own Uſe; then returned a bye Way to his Cottage leſt any one ſhould perceive what he carried in his Arms.

As ſoon as he entered the Door the Child began to cry; which alarming his Wife, who ſuppoſed he was bringing home a Baſtard to nurſe, ſhe rated him very ſeverely for his Infidelity.

The Shepherd begged her to be pacified, and told her if ſhe would be ſecret and cautious their Fortunes were made for ever; then putting

putting the Child in her Arms he produced the Gold and Jewels he found with it, which ſo pleaſed the poor Woman that ſhe reſolved to nurſe the Child carefully, and make their Neighbours believe it was their own.

The Gold and Jewels they concealed, and the Shepherd returned to the Care of his Flocks, while his Wife employed herſelf in nurſing the Foundling, to whom they gave the Name of *Fawnia*.

In a few Years after the Shepherd purchaſed a good Farm, and from tending the Flocks of other People became Maſter of a conſiderable one himſelf.

When *Fawnia* arrived at the Age of ten Years, *Porrus* and *Mopſa*, for ſo her ſuppoſed Father and Mother were called, committed the Care of their Flocks; to her, and the young Shepherdeſs, whoſe Beauty at thoſe early Years was the Aſtoniſhment and Admiration of all that beheld her, applied herſelf with the utmoſt Diligence to her paſtoral Employment, ſo that every Thing proſpered under her Hands.

Porrus now purchaſed Land, which he deſigned to leave *Fawnia* at his Death; and ſhe growing to fifteen Years old, many of the rich Farmer's Sons made their Addreſſes to her.

The fair Shepherdeſs was not the only Admiration and Wonder of the Country, her Wit and Judgment was equal to her Beauty, and thoſe

thoſe uncommon Charms of Mind and Perſon made her even be talked of at Court.

She who believed herſelf to be the Daughter of *Porrus*, was not elated with the Praiſes that were beſtowed on her, but with a ſweet Humility conformed to the Lowlineſs of her Condition, and tended her Flocks with the utmoſt Diligence and Care.

Though ſhe was not vain of the Graces of her Perſon, yet her rural Habit was always exactly neat, her lovely Hair was bound up with a graceful Negligence, and ſhe took Care to chooſe the freſheſt and moſt becoming Flowers to compoſe the Garland which ſhaded her charming Face from the Sun.

The King of *Sicily* had only one Son, named *Doraſtus*, a beautiful and accompliſhed Youth, of whom the *Sicilians* had great Hopes.

The King, deſirous of ſeeing him married before he died, ſent an Ambaſſador to the King of *Denmark* to demand the Princeſs *Euphania* his Daughter, and the Heir to his Dominions, in Marriage for the Prince of *Sicily*.

The King of *Denmark* agreeing to the Propoſal, *Egiſtus* acquainted his Son with the Treaty he had entered into; he enlarged on the Beauty and Virtues of the Princeſs *Euphania*, on the Advantages of an Alliance with the King of *Denmark*, and concluded with praiſing the Gods for the happy Succeſs of his Negociation.

Doraſtus

Doraſtus heard all this with ſuch apparent Indifference that the King was amazed, and aſked him if he had any Objection to the Match?

The Prince anſwered coldly, "That his Heart was yet a Stranger to Love, that all Women were indifferent to him, and that Marriage was an Engagement he had no Inclination to enter into."

The King, extremely offended with this Reply, threatened him with the ſevereſt Effects of his Diſpleaſure if he did not endeavour to conform to his Will; and finding the Prince continued in a ſullen Silence, and would give him no Satisfaction, he quitted him in great Diſpleaſure.

Doraſtus was ſenſibly afflicted at his Father's Anger, and ardently wiſhed he could conquer that Repugnance he felt in his Soul to Marriage, that he might not offend him by an abſolute Refuſal; but the more he ſtruggled to overcome that Diſlike which forced him to ſeem diſobedient to his Father, the deeper he found it rooted in his Breaſt.

A ſhort Time after this Diſcourſe had paſſed between the King and the Prince, there happened to be a Meeting of all the Shepherds Daughters in *Sicily*.

Fawnia was choſen Queen for the Day, and dreſt in her beſt Cloaths preſided over their rural Sports; the Day being paſt in ſuch innocent Diverſions as Shepherdeſſes, when Evening

Evening approached they ſeparated, and *Fawnia* deſiring a neighbouring Sheperdeſs to go with her to ſee if her Flock was folded, *Doraſtus*, who was returning from Hawking, met the two Virgins as they were going home, and ſtruck with Admiration at the Beauty of *Fawnia*, he ſtopt and aſked her ſeveral trifling Queſtions, in order to have an Opportunity of gazing on her.

Fawnia aſwered him with ſo much ſprightly Wit and ſo graceful an Air, that the Prince already half vanquiſhed by the Charms of her Perſon, was wholly ſubdued by thoſe of her Mind. Love, offended at the former Obſtinacy of this young Rebel, reſolved now to make him feel the utmoſt Effects of his Power, and with the keeneſt Arrow in his Quiver, pierced that once inſenſible Heart.

The Prince ſighed with Pain and Pleaſure; he could not remove his Eyes from the lovely Face of *Fawnia*, which was all overſpread with a roſy Bluſh; he ſaw her Confuſion, and aſhamed of his own Weakneſs he reſolved to force himſelf away, and clapping Spurs to his Horſe he haſtily bid the Shepherdeſſes farewel, and rode home to the Palace.

Fawnia, who had ſurveyed the Prince with a curious Eye, began as ſoon as he was gone to praiſe him to her Companion; ſhe admired his Youth, his Beauty, his ſweet Affability: The pleaſing Theme tranſported her beyond her uſual Moderation, her Thoughts were full

full of the Prince's Perfections, ſhe could not find Words ſufficient to expreſs her Admiration; ſhe perceived at length, and bluſhed at, her Indiſcretion, and remained ſilent and compoſed during the reſt of their Walk.

She took Leave of her Companion at the Door of her Cottage, and retired to Bed full of a pleaſing Anxiety for which her inexperienced Innocence could not yet find a Name.

The Prince, whoſe Mind was ſtill more reſtleſs and uneaſy than *Fawnia*'s, becauſe he better underſtood the nature of his Diſtemper, paſſed the Night in various and tormenting Thoughts: Fain would he have baniſhed the ſweet Image of *Fawnia* from his Remembrance, but Love had engraved it too deeply in his Heart, and finding his Endeavours to forget her fruitleſs, he ſought to excuſe and juſtify his Paſſion, by reflecting on the inevitable Charms of her that cauſed it.

"Oh, cruel! oh, injurious Fortune! cried he, tranſported with the bright Idea, to hide ſuch Perfection in a Cottage, and laviſh Crowns and Scepters often on Deformity."

"Oh! *Fawnia*, was that inchanting Form made only to grace the Fields? were theſe bright Eyes ordained to ſhine in humble Vales, and only bleſs rude Swains with their Love darting Beams? was that ſprightly Wit and thoſe native Graces of thy Mind given thee to be for ever clouded in a Cottage?"

"Ah! no, it cannot be, the Gods are juſt and equal in their Diſpenſations, and though they did not make you born a Princeſs, they did more, and made you deſerving to be one; I am

I am their Inſtrument to raiſe you to the Rank for which Nature deſigned you, and which no other can ſo worthily fill.

The amorous Prince pauſed at theſe Words, then ſuddenly giving Way to new Reflexions, "How would it pleaſe my Father, cried he, to know that my Heart is capable of Love? oh! divine Law, feared by all Men, becauſe honoured by the Gods themſelves."

"But alas! *Doraſtus*, added he, breathing a deep and dreadful Sigh, who is it that is the Object of thy Paſſion? a rural Maid, the Daughter of a ſimple Shepherd. Does this Match ſuit with the Dignity of thy Birth? thou who art the Son of a King, and Heir to a powerful Kingdom. Ah! let me rather die than poorly ſubmit to ſuch a ſhameful Weakneſs; for 'tis better to periſh nobly than to live with Contempt."

The wavering Prince, reſting a while upon this thought, endeavoured to collect his whole Force of Reaſon to ſupport a Reſolution which ſeemed worthy of himſelf; but Love, who laughed at all his vain Attempts to elude his Power, again impreſt the lovely Image of *Fawnia* upon his Fancy.

"Oh! Beauty, ſaid the ſighing Prince, how abſolute is thy Empire over the Heart! ſweet and imperious Tyrant thou ſhalt be obeyed, I yield to thy irreſiſtable Force; yes *Fawnia*, lovely and adorable *Fawnia*, thou ſhalt be mine, thy humble Birth ſhall be no Obſtacle to my Deſires."

" The Gods themſelves have not diſdained to love; *Jupiter* was enamoured of *Danaë*, and the bright *Apollo* woed the inexorable *Daphne*; theſe were mortal Beauties, and they were Deities; why then, though a Prince, may not I love a Shepherdeſs? but their Paſſions were diſhonourable, mine is pure and chaſte, 'tis true, and herein I ſurpaſs the Gods: Be ſtill then, oh my Soul, for 'tis decreed *Fawnia*, the adorable *Fawnia* ſhall be mine."

The Prince having thus taken his Reſolution, his Mind grew eaſy and compoſed, but it was far otherwiſe with the charming Shepherdeſs, ſtrange and unuſual Dreams perplexed her roving Fancy the whole Night.

That homely Couch, which before had only ſupplied calm and unruſled Slumbers, and chearful Dreams of pleaſant Labour and innocent Amuſements paſt, now gave Birth to anxious Wiſhes, deluſive Hopes, and uneaſy Repinings.

She awaked, but not as uſual refreſhed with her Repoſe; her renewed Spirits ſparkling in her chearful Eyes, and eager to begin the rural Labours of the Day, but heavy, languiſhing, and full of uneaſy Perturbations, ſhe roſe before her wonted Hour, and thinking to baniſh the various Thoughts which tormented her by induſtrious Toils; ſhe drove her Flocks to the Field, ſhifted the Folds, and doubled her Morning's Work; at laſt fatigued and breathleſs ſhe ſat down at the Foot of a Tree, and thus began to accuſe the Folly and Preſumption of her new Paſſion.

" Unfortunate

"Unfortunate *Fawnia*! ſaid ſhe ſoftly ſighing, thy Shepherdeſs's Hook expreſſes thy mean Condition, and thy Deſires ſhew thy aſpiring Mind: Ah! ſimple Maid, Thoughts above Fortune bring Contempt, 'tis for the Eagle only to gaze on the Sun, art thou not a poor Shepherdeſs? the Daughter of a Country Swain? be content then to ſtand ſecurely in the Vale, and do not by endeavouring to climb the Hills hazard the Danger of a Fall: But oh! Love is a powerful Lord and will be obeyed. I love *Doraſtus*, ah! the more wretched I, the leſs Cauſe I have to hope: Will Eagles catch at Flies? or Cedars ſtoop to Brambles? *Doraſtus* is a Prince, and knows what his Station requires of him, I am the poor Daughter of a Shepherd, and forget my humble Condition."

"Ceaſe then to love unhappy *Fawnia*, or if thou canſt not do that, conceal at leaſt thy wrong placed Paſſion, for it is better to die with Grief than live with Shame; but oh, Gods! why did you give me a Soul capable of the moſt exalted Paſſion? and yet place me in a Condition which makes that Paſſion Preſumption?"

The lovely Shepherdeſs having thus given Vent to her uneaſy Thoughts, roſe up and began to walk round her Flock, gathering up the ſtraggling Sheep to prevent them from going among the Corn, and while ſhe was thus employed, endeavoured to conquer her too much raiſed Deſires, by contemplating her

mean Eſtate, and the apparent Impoſſibility of ever accompliſhing her Wiſhes.

Mean Time *Doraſtus*, conſumed away with impatient Deſire, his former Pleaſures now grew taſteleſs to his Senſe, Company was tedious, Muſic only ſoothed his ſweet Diſorder, and added Fewel to his Fires.

Weary at length of the intolerable Reſtraint his Pride had forced him to lay upon his Wiſhes, he reſolved to ſatisfy his longing Eyes with another Sight of the ſweet, but dangerous *Fawnia*.

For this Purpoſe he ſtole ſecretly out of the Palace, and without any Attendants took his Way to the Fields where he had firſt ſeen the beauteous Shepherdeſs *Fawnia*.

There he walked ſome Time without meeting with the Object his paſſionate Eyes were every where in Search of. Enraged at his Diſappointment, a thouſand Times he curſt both Love and Fortune, and juſt as he was reſigning himſelf to the moſt bitter Deſpair for his ill Succeſs in this firſt Attempt, a caſual Glance diſcovered *Fawnia* to him, ſitting on the Side of a Hill, ſelecting the moſt beautiful Flowers out of a large Heap, which in ſweet Confuſion were ſcattered about her to make a freſh Garland for her Head.

The paſſionate Prince ſtood at a little Diſtance for ſome Moments, contemplating her with an Exceſs of Wonder and Delight, when *Fawnia* happening to look up, ſhe met his

his ardent Gaze, and this ſudden and unexpected Sight gave her ſo much Emotion, that her fair Face was in an Inſtant dyed with a roſy Bluſh.

She roſe however from her Seat and curt'ſied to the Prince, but with ſuch native Elegance and Grace, that *Doraſtus*, who could not conceive how a Country Maid bred up in the Fields and Woods could have ſo much Politeneſs in her Manner, was loſt in Aſtoniſhment and Admiration.

"Fair Virgin, ſaid he approaching her, either your Poverty is great, or the Life of a Shepherdeſs is very ſweet, that you can take ſuch Delight in rural Labours, is it becauſe you are ſo like a Nymph that you reſolve to imitate the Nymphs, and waſte your Days in Woods and Lawns? Tell me, ſweet Maid, what Pleaſures are there in a Country Life to balance its Fatigue?"

"Sir, ſaid *Fawnia*, with an inchanting Baſhfulneſs, to be contented is to be rich, that Condition is moſt to be coveted in which there is moſt Tranquility; as we Shepherdeſſes are not born to Honour, and little beholden to Beauty, ſo Fame or Fortune is beneath our Care; we are not ſolicitous for any Thing but the Neceſſaries of Life; we think our Rayment fine, if it preſerves us ſufficiently from the cold, and our Food dainty if it ſuffices Appetite; our greateſt Enemy is the Wolf, and our Chief Care is to keep our Flocks in Security; we ſpend the Day in rural

Songs, and delight more in talking of Pan and Country Sports, than *Venus* and her trifling Toys; our Toil is to ſhift our Folds, but the attending our Flocks is only an agreeable Amuſement; our Wealth conſiſts in not deſiring more than we poſſeſs; our Honour in not aiming to be higher than we are; Envy looks not ſo low as a Shepherd; Shepherds do not raiſe their Thoughts to Ambition, we are rich becauſe we are content with our Poverty, and proud only in knowing we have no Cauſe to be proud."

Doraſtus was charmed with this ſprightly Anſwer: Oh! thought he, if this fair Creature's Birth was equal to her Wit and Beauty, ſhe would be a Wife for the greateſt Prince in the World.

"I perceive, *Fawnia*, ſaid the Prince, addreſſing himſelf to her again, that 'tis owing to your not being acquainted with the Enjoyments of a Court, that you are ſo contented with a Country Life; I commend your Wit and Prudence, but I pity your Poverty and low Condition. Will you forſake your Father's Cottage, and attend on a Lady at Court?"

"'Tis dangerous, Sir, anſwered *Fawnia* to tempt Fortune; ſhe is a fickle Goddeſs and often raiſes poor Mortals only to throw them down again: I was born to toil for the Court, and not live in it, and am entirely ſatisfied with my preſent Condition."

Ah

"Ah! *Fawnia*, ſaid *Doraſtus*, with a Sigh he could not ſuppreſs, I gueſs the Cauſe of your Fondneſs for a rural Life, you love a Country Shepherd."

"Sir, replied *Fawnia*, ſmiling, pardon me if I tell you, you have not gueſſed right: Shepherds! alas, they cannot love they are ſo ſimple, and Maids muſt not if they are no older than I am."

"In my Opinion, pretty one, ſaid the Prince, Maids ought to love becauſe they are young, Cupid is a Child, and the Goddeſs of Love is painted young?"

"Age may indeed be painted with falſe Colours, ſaid *Fawnia*, and Youth may have Actions too forward but what Art too little conceals in one, Ignorance reveals in the other."

Doraſtus, who thought this Converſation the moſt pleaſing of any he ever had, would have perhaps drawn it out to a conſiderable Length, but perceiving ſome of his Attendants approaching, he was willing to know a little more of her Heart before he parted from her.

"Perhaps, *Fawnia*, ſaid he, taking her Hand, I love thee; if ſo you muſt needs yield me your Heart, for I am a Prince you know, and may command you."

"I acknowledge your Power, Sir, ſaid *Fawnia*, in all juſt and reaſonable Things, but with Submiſſion, I muſt ſay my Heart is only at my own Diſpoſal; conſtrained Love is Force, and Force you have no Right to uſe over me: and believe me, it is not a vain Boaſt I make, when I tell you that poor as I am I ſet ſo great a Value upon my Chaſtity, that I would rather die than be the Miſtreſs of the greateſt King upon Earth, and my Birth is ſo mean and groveling that I am not fit to be a Farmer's Wife."

The lovely Shepherdeſs ended theſe Words with a Sigh, which eſcaped her unawares.

The Prince, after a little Pauſe, replied, "It ſeems then, *Fawnia*, that you cannot love *Doraſtus*."

"Yes, ſaid *Fawnia* precipitately, when *Doraſtus* becomes a Shepherd."

The Prince's Attendants being now come near, he haſtily went to meet them, leaving *Fawnia* alone and penſive, her Imagination filled with a thouſand new Ideas.

She ſeated herſelf again at the Foot of the Hill, revolving in her Mind all the Prince had ſaid to her, and this ſecond View of him, together with the Affability of his Behaviour, and ſome flattering Hopes ſhe began to entertain, entirely compleated the Conqueſt of her Heart.

For ſome Moments ſhe reſigned herſelf up to the moſt ſoothing Reflexions, but when the Lowneſs of her Condition ruſhed upon her Thoughts,

Thoughts, and broke the ſweet Deluſion ſhe was ſo fond of, then ſhe began to blame the Extravagance of her Wiſhes, and tried to recollect her ſcattered Reaſon.

"Ah! *Fawnia*, whiſpered ſhe, why doſt thou gaze at the Sun and graſp at Wind? Stars are to be beheld at a Diſtance, not aimed to be touched with the Hand; Hopes are to be meaſured by Fortune, not impelled by Deſire, and Falls come by climbing high, not by ſitting low. But what then? added ſhe after a little Pauſe, muſt all fall who endeavour to riſe becauſe ſome do? no, Happineſs comes by Chance, and Fortune winds thoſe Threads which the Deſtinies ſpin. Alas! what ſtrange Perplexity am I in, favoured by a Prince, yet obliged through Prudence to reject that Favour, Denial in my Words, and Deſire at the bottom of my Heart; I love *Doraſtus*, yet I ſeem diſpleaſed with his Courtſhip. Ah! 'tis our Sex's Fault to fly from thoſe we eagerly wiſh to meet. But take Heed, *Fawnia*, ſaid ſhe ſighing, for if the Prince is repulſed by thy Shyneſs, thou wilt ſeverely repent; for unleſs he loves thou muſt die. Ah! die then, ſimple Maid, for *Doraſtus* only jeſts with thee, *Doraſtus* cannot ſtoop to love a Shepherdeſs; ſit down then in thy Sorrow, and pine in ſecret. Ah me! how am I changed? I was wont to paſs away my Days in chearful Songs, now I waſte them in Sighs and Complaints."

While *Fawnia* was thus giving Vent to the tender Anxieties of her Soul, the Approach of Night put her in Mind that it was Time to put her Sheep in the Fold, which having done with a heavy Heart, ſhe haſtened to her poor Cottage.

While Love made this Havock in the innocent Breaſt of *Fawnia*, he raged with ſuch Violence in the Heart of the paſſionate Prince, in which the Pride of royal Birth maintained an unequal Conflict, that ſinking under the Force of thoſe contrary Paſſions, he became a Prey to Melancholy and Deſpair; he loathed his Food, Sleep fled from his Eyes, he grew pale and wan, and fell into a languiſhing Diſeaſe.

The King, amazed at the Alteration in his Son, and trembling for his Life, ordered the Attendance of the ableſt Phyſicians in his Kingdom; but their Art was all in vain.

The Prince himſelf grew apprehenſive of the Danger he was in, he found he could not live without *Fawnia*, and thought it great Folly to die for what it was in his Power to obtain; Honour long oppoſed the Gratification of his Deſires, but Love, reſiſtleſs Love, at Length prevailed.

The Prince, wholly abandoning himſelf to the Power of this ſweet Tyrant, procured a Shepherd's Habit and a Crook, and making them to be conveyed to a ſecret Place, he went

went privately out of the Palace, and attiring himſelf in thoſe rural Weeds, took his Way to the Place where his charming Shepherdeſs fed her Flocks.

As he went along ſome uneaſy Reflexions aroſe in his Mind when he ſurveyed his homely Dreſs.

"Ah! *Doraſtus*, ſaid he to himſelf, what a ſtrange Alteration is here, a Prince transformed to a Peaſant! does this wild Folly ſuit with the Dignity of thy Birth? but indeed thy Habit ſuits well with thy groveling Thoughts; this is thy proper Dreſs, thou wert always diſguiſed before. Oh! Gods, for what Crime am I aſſigned this Penance? Oh! Love, what a fond Ideot haſt thou made of me?"

"Yet why ſhould I bluſh at this Diſguiſe? have not the heavenly Deities deſcended to Earth, and changed their glorious Forms for Love? Love made *Jupiter* a Bull, *Neptune* a Ram, and *Apollo*, like myſelf, a Shepherd. If they who were Gods ſubmitted to that all-compelling Power, ſhall I, who am a Mortal, dare to rebel againſt it."

While the Prince was thus juſtifying the ſtrange Effects of his Paſſion by thoſe great Examples, he ſpied *Fawnia* at a Diſtance, running after one of her Sheep which had ſtrayed from the reſt: The Sight of that lovely Face ſuppreſt in a Moment all other Emotions but thoſe of Love and Joy.

He flew towards her, and ſhe, who did not know him in that Diſguiſe, but thought

it was ſome genteel young Shepherd coming to meet her, ſecretly wiſhed it had been her Lot to have placed her Affections upon ſuch a one, whom with Reaſon ſhe might have loved, and hoped to have obtained.

The Prince's nearer Approach convinced her of her Miſtake, ſhe ſighed and bluſhed with Pleaſure and Surprize, and ſtopping curt'ſied to him with her uſual Graceſulneſs.

Doraſtus taking her Hand, preſt it with paſſionate Tenderneſs to his Heart, and then fixing an ardent Kiſs upon it, begged her to ſit down and liſten to him a few Moments.

The lovely Shepherdeſs, trembling with the mixed Emotions which Love, Hope, and Fear excited in her Soul, ſat down with him under the Shade of a ſpreading Oak, and the Prince, after gazing on her for ſome Time with a fixed Attention, thus ſpoke.

" You wonder *Fawnia*, no Doubt, at my ſtrange Apparel, but if you knew my Thoughts you'd wonder more, the one indeed diſgraces my outward Shape, but the others diſturb my Mind."

" I love you, *Fawnia*, for how can I do otherways? formed as you are to inſpire all who ſee you, with that Paſſion. You promiſed to love me when I became a Shepherd, behold your Prince transformed to a Country Swain. Now then I claim the Performance of your Promiſe ſince I have fulfilled your Deſire."

" 'Tis

" 'Tis true, my Lord, ſaid *Fawnia*, you are changed in Appearance, but 'tis in Appearance only; painted Eagles are not Eagles, and Zuexis' Grapes, as I have read, were only Painted Grapes; rich Ornaments do not make Princes, nor rural Weeds a Swain; Shepherds are not called ſo becauſe they wear paſtoral Attire, and have a Crook and Scrip, but becauſe they attend their Flocks, and take Care of their rural Affairs; this Apparel therefore has not made a Shepherd of a Prince, but makes a Prince appear like a Shepherd."

" Had I been born a Shepherd, replied *Doraſtus*, I ſhould have loved you willingly, and being a Prince I am conſtrained to love you, do not then with an unſeaſonable Coyneſs reject a Paſſion which you only could have inſpired, now is your Time to love and be beloved, while that ſweet Bloom glows in your charming Face, and every Feature ſmiles with the Gaiety of Youth. Have you not obſerved the Fate of theſe beautiful Flowers with which you ſo often adorn your lovely Hair, they bud, they bloom, they wither and are neglected; ſuch is your Beauty *Fawnia*; in Youth it is praiſed, admired, and coveted, in Age forgotten and deſpiſed, yield then to virtuous Love, for notwithſtanding the Inequality of our Conditions, I mean to make you my Wife."

" *Fawnia*, tranſported with Surprize and Joy at this unhoped for Declaration, no lon-

ger

ger kept up her forced Indifference, but beholding the Prince with a languishing Sweetness, her Face being all o'erspread with Blushes, "Ah! my Lord," said she, I am ashamed to discover the Thoughts which have long filled my Mind: Ought I, Beggar as I am, to own my Desires have reached at a Prince? Oh! *Dorastus!* I dare not say I love you, because you are the Son of a great King, and I am a poor Shepherdess, but the Gods know how I have honoured *Dorastus!* receive then my humble, my dutiful Affection, and look on me as your Handmaid, ever ready to obey your Will in all Things which are not prejudicial to my Honour.

Dorastus, overjoyed at this sweet and modest Confession of her Love for him, embraced her with a passionate Tenderness, calling all the Gods to witness the Vows he made her of everlasting Love and Fidelity, and now the Lovers began to consult upon the Measures they should take to be united for ever.

Dorastus, who knew his Father would be excessively enraged at such a Match, told *Fawnia* there could be no Safety for them in *Sicily*, and that therefore he would provide a sufficient Quantity of Money and Jewels to support them till some favourable Change happened in their Affairs, and with the Treasure fly into *Italy* and there solemnize their Nuptials.

This Proposal was agreed to with great Joy by *Fawnia*, who trembled at the Thoughts of the King's discovering their Love, believing that

that nothing less than Death would be inflicted on her for her Presumption: She therefore urged the Prince to make the necessary Preparations for their Flight with the utmost Speed, lest Fortune should cruelly prevent their Intentions.

The Prince, whose eager Passion prompted him no less than her Fears to hasten their Departure, assured her all should be ready in a few Days, and now the approaching Night warning them to depart, he took Leave of *Fawnia* with a tender Embrace, and repairing to the Place where he had left his Cloaths, threw off his Shepherd's Frock and returned to the Palace.

Fawnia was so transported with the unexpected Tide of good Fortune which had come rushing on her, that for some Time she could hardly persuade herself that all was not a Dream; but when the Tumult of her Joy was a little allayed, and calmer Reflexions succeeding, convinced her of the Reality of her Happiness, she thanked the Gods devoutly for their amazing Bounty to her, and beseeched them to continue their Favour and Protection to her and her beloved Prince.

In the mean time *Dorastus* lost no Opportunity of seeing his lovely Shepherdess; she drove her Flocks to the Fields every Day, and continued to watch them as usual, not from any Delight she now took in her pastoral Employment, but in the dear Hope of seeing her beloved Lord.

Dorastus,

Doraſtus, notwithſtanding he always came to meet his *Fawnia* in the Habit of a Shepherd, was at laſt diſcovered by ſome that knew him to be the Prince; ſo that his frequent Viſits to *Fawnia* making much Noiſe among the Country People, ſome of *Porrus*'s Neighbours, out of good Will to the old Shepherd, adviſed him to keep his Daughter at home, and keep a ſtrict Eye over her, leſt by going ſo often to the Field ſhe ſhould bring him home a young Son at laſt, for that the young Prince came often to her, and would certainly, if he had not yet, delude her and make her his Concubine.

This News greatly ſurprized and alarmed the good old Man, who, after thanking his Neighbours for their kind Informations, haſtened home to his Wife, and calling her aſide, and wringing his Hands, the Tears faſt falling down his aged Cheeks, "O Wife! ſaid he, I fear, I fear our Daughter *Fawnia* has committed Sin, and that ſhe will buy Repentance at a dear Rate: I have ſad News to tell you: My Neighbours tell me that the young Prince *Doraſtus* looks upon *Fawnia* with a wiſtful Eye, and if that is the Caſe I would not give a Wiſp of Straw for her Honeſty at the Year's End.

"I tell thee, Wife, that Beauty is a great Snare to entrap young Men, and fair Words and fine Promiſes are great Enemies to a Maiden's Honeſty; the Poor may entreat and be refuſed, but Princes, if Entreaties won't

lo, may command, and then who can reſiſt hem?

"But it is a hard Caſe though, ſaid the old Man, ſobbing, where the Luſt of a Prince is he Law, and that he ſhould bind poor Folks o that which he himſelf freely breaks."

"Take heed what you ſay, ſaid the good Wife, with a ſagacious Look; ſpeak no more han you ſhould, leſt you hear what you would not; do what you can, but no more than you may; great Streams may be ſtopped by Art, but not by Force; take Care of yourſelf, leſt by endeavouring to ſave *Fawnia*'s Honeſty you loſe your own Head: It is dangerous, the Proverb ſays, to play with edged Tools, and bad to ſport with Princes; remember the Wolf had his Skin ſtripped over his Ears for looking into the Lion's Den."

"You ſpeak like a Fool, ſaid *Porrus*, who could not reliſh his Wife's ſage Council, if the King ſhould hear that *Doraſtus* loves our Daughter, his Fury would be ſuch that we might loſe our Goods, if not our Lives. A Thought has juſt now entered my Head, by which I will prevent the King's being offended with us, and perhaps it may not diſpleaſe the Prince: I will carry the Chain and Jewels I found with *Fawnia* to the King, and confeſs that ſhe is not my Daughter, and tell him the whole Story of my finding her; the King may perhaps take her under his own Care, and then whatever happens we ſhall be blameleſs."

The

The good Wife was well enough pleaſed with this Propoſal, and it was reſolved between them to take the firſt Opportunity of ſpeaking to the King.

In the mean time, *Doraſtus* had communicated his Deſign of leaving *Sicily* to a faithful Domeſtic, who had attended his Perſon from his Childhood, named *Capnio*. This Man at firſt endeavoured to diſſuade him from ſo raſh and dangerous an Enterprize, but finding the Prince determined to depart, he ceaſed to trouble him with any more fruitleſs Expoſtulations, and prepared to aſſiſt him in the Proſecution of a Deſign, which, though he did not approve, he ſaw it was impoſſible to prevent, unleſs by betraying his Maſter to the King, a Piece of Treachery he could not bring himſelf to commit, being bound as well by his own Inclinations, as a ſacred Oath the Prince had made him take to the contrary.

He therefore with great Secrecy and Expedition provided a Veſſel to tranſport them to *Italy*, and the Prince having furniſhed himſelf with a great Quantity of Money and Jewels, gave Orders to *Capnio* to get ſome rich Apparel for *Fawnia*; the Baggage was all ſafely conveyed on board, and the Maſter of the Ship perceiving the Wind likely to be favourable in a few Hours, he gave *Capnio* Notice that they muſt come on board early the next Morning.

Capnio having informed the Prince of this, he ſent him to *Fawnia* deſiring her to be in the Fields by break of Day, where he would meet her and carry her to the Port.

She

She ſlept but little that Night: Love, Fear and anxious Expectation kept her waking. At the firſt Dawn of Light ſhe roſe, and unfolding her Sheep, drove them to the Fields, giving many a longing look for her beloved Prince; at laſt he appeared on Horſeback, ſhe ran eagerly to meet him, and he diſmounting, after printing a haſty Kiſs upon her trembling Lips, took her up behind him, and galloped as faſt as poſſible to the Haven where the Ship lay.

The Sailors perceiving him at a Diſtance rowed to Shore with their Boat, and taking in the Lovers, carried them ſafe on board, where we muſt leave them to ſee what happened at Land.

Porrus having heard that the King intended to take the Air that Morning, put on his Holiday Cloaths, and taking the Chain and Jewels he found with *Fawnia* concealed in his Boſom, he took his Way to the Palace, intending to watch the King's coming out, at the Gate.

Fortune, determining to favour the Lovers a little longer, flung *Capnio*, who was haſting to the Port with a Caſket, in the old Man's Way.

Capnio ſeeing him taking the Road to the Palace, and knowing him to be the Father of *Fawnia*, aſked him where he was going ſo early?

Porrus, who knew him to be a Courtier, replied, that Prince *Doraſtus* had dealt very hardly with him; I have but one Daughter, ſaid

ſaid the good Man, who, to ſay the Truth, has ſome ſhare of Beauty, I have Reaſon to apprehend the Prince has ſeduced her, and I am going to complain to his Majeſty of this Injury.

Capnio immediately foreſeeing all the fatal Conſequences that might attend the old Man's Complaint at that critical Time reſolved to prevent it, and therefore began to wheedle him by blaming the Prince for ſo unworthy a Deſign, and added, becauſe he was a poor Man and had no Friends to ſtand by him, himſelf would aſſiſt him in all he could, but, ſaid he, you will loſe your Labour if you go to the Palace; for the King deſigns to take the Air to day on board a Ship that lies in the Harbour, and is already ſet out; therefore if you will be ruled by me, as I am going to give them Notice of his Majeſty's coming that they may be prepared to receive him, I will take you with me, and place you ſo conveniently, that you ſhall have all the Liberty you can deſire to make your Complaint.

Porrus thanked his new Friend with great Submiſſion for his proffered Kindneſs, and went with him to the Port, ſtill complaining of the Prince, but concealed the Chain and Jewels, and mentioned nothing concerning *Fawnia*'s being a Foundling.

The Sailors ſeeing *Capnio*, ſent a Boat for him, but now *Porrus*'s Heart failed, he began to ſuſpect ſome Deſign upon him, and when *Capnio* aſked him to go into the Boat he refuſed, under Pretence of being afraid of the Sea;

Sea; *Capnio* preſſed him, but to no Purpoſe; whereupon, as there was no Time to be loſt, he ordered the Mariners who came in the Boat to carry him in by Force.

Porrus now ſaw he was betrayed, but thinking it would be fruitleſs to cry out or exclaim againſt his falſe Friend, he civilly entreated him and the Sailors to be kind to him, and pity his Condition, who was but a poor Man and lived by his Labour, and ſhould be undone if he was abſent long from his Flocks.

But they were as deaf to his Entreaties as the Winds and Waves to the Prayers of ſinking Mariners, and laughed to ſee him ſo much afraid; having reached their Ship they obliged him to go on board, where the firſt Objects he caſt his Eyes on, were the Prince and *Fawnia*.

She being dreſt in rich Apparel, he ſcarce knew her at firſt, ſo much was her native Beauty heightened by the Magnificence of her Cloaths, in which ſhe appeared with ſuch a graceful Eaſe, that it ſeemed as if ſhe had never been accuſtomed to any other.

Porrus ſtood gazing on her at a Diſtance, greatly aſtoniſhed at what he ſaw, and wondering where it would end; and the Prince and *Fawnia* who were equally ſurprized to ſee him there, eagerly aſked *Capnio* for what Purpoſe he was come?

Capnio informed them that he met him as he was going to complain to the King of the Injury he ſuſpected the Prince had offered him in the Perſon of his Daughter, and that he had prevented his Deſign by Artifice, and brought him forcibly to the Ship, adding

that

that it was abſolutely neceſſary they ſhould take him with them to *Italy*, otherwiſe their Diſcovery would be inevitable.

The Prince approved this Advice, but *Fawnia*, who loved and reſpected the old Shepherd as her Father, heard this Reſolution with great Concern.

Porrus underſtanding that he ſhould be carried from his Wife, his Country, and Friends, into a ſtrange Land, burſt into Tears and Complaints, and falling on his Knees, earneſtly entreated *Doraſtus* to pardon his raſh Folly, and permit him to return home, aſſuring him he would be as ſecret as the Grave: But the Prince could not be prevailed upon by all his Proteſtations to hazard the Danger of a Diſcovery, and though *Fawnia* herſelf with Tears conjured him to grant her Father's Requeſt, he continued obſtinate in his Refuſal, aſſuring her their Ruin was inevitable if he complied: *Fawnia* then applied herſelf to comfort the old Man as well as ſhe could, and the Ship with a fair Gale purſued her Voyage.

While this paſſed at Sea, *Egiſtus*, who intended to hunt that Morning the Prince departed, ſent to deſire his Son's Company in that Diverſion, hoping it would help to remove the Melancholy which had of late hung upon him.

The Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber returned Anſwer, that the Prince went that Morning very early to walk as he ſuppoſed in the Grove as was his daily Cuſtom; whereupon the

he King ſent ſome of his Attendants to look or the Prince in that Place, but they coming ack without him, the King attended by his No- les, went to the Chace, and after ſpending the ay, in hunting returned to the Palace; ſur- rized at not finding his Son yet come home, e ordered ſtrict Search to be made for him; s not appearing that Night filled him with a ouſand uneaſy Apprehenſions, and the next ay Meſſengers were diſpatched all over the ingdom to ſeek for him.

The unhappy King at length ſuppoſing he d fallen a Prey to the wild Beaſts in the oreſt, ordered ſeveral Parties of Horſe to our the Country round, and if poſſible bring m ſome Intelligence of his Fate.

Some of theſe Men meeting a Fiſherman ar the Sea-ſide mending his Nets, they en- ired if he had ſeen or heard any thing of e Prince, and he very ingenuouſly told them at a few Days ago he had ſeen the Prince, ith *Fawnia* the Daughter of *Porrus*, the old epherd himſelf, and *Capnio*, all go on board Ship which inſtantly put off to Sea.

This News was immediately carried to the ing, who, full of Surprize and Grief, or- red the Wife of *Porrus* to be brought before m, and examined her himſelf concerning e Flight of her Huſband and Daughter with s Son.

The old Woman told the King that her eighbours had informed her Huſband the ince was too familiar with his Daughter, he apprehending

ſomething worſe would follow, and hearing his Majeſty intended to hunt a few Days ago, he roſe early in the Morning with an Intention to complain to his Majeſty of the Injury he feared the Prince intended to do *Fawnia*, and added, with Tears, that ſhe had never ſeen her Huſband ſince.

Egiſtus perceiving the unfeigned Simplicity with which ſhe told her Tale, diſmiſſed her; but reflected ſo deeply upon the diſhonourable Action his Son had committed, that he fell into a Fever, and continued ſo weak and ill that his Phyſicians had no Hopes of his Recovery.

But *Doraſtus*, who regarded neither Father, Country nor Crown, now he was in Poſſeſſion of his beloved *Fawnia*, never troubled himſelf about the Grief his ſtrange Flight would occaſion the King and all the *Sicilians*, but reſigned himſelf wholly up to the Contemplation of his preſent Happineſs, which he would not have quitted for all the Empires in the World.

The Winds for ſome Time ſeemed to favour their Flight, and they ſteered their Courſe to *Italy* without any Interruption; but one Morning the Sky began to be over-caſt with Clouds, the Winds grew high, the Sea ſwelled, and at laſt a Storm enſued, which raged during three Days with ſuch unceaſing Fury that the Ship was ſo much damaged the Sailors expected every Moment it would ſink.

Poor

Poor *Fawnia* was almoſt dying with her Fears, but the Sight of *Doraſtus*, who never left her a Moment, yielded her ſome Comfort amidſt the Horrors of approaching Death. On the fourth Morning the Storm abated, and the Sailors diſcovered Land, which they ſoon knew to be the Coaſt of *Bohemia*.

Their confuſed Shouts of Joy gave *Doraſtus* to underſtand they were in Sight of ſome Harbour, and with Tears of Joy and Tenderneſs he congratulated *Fawnia* on their Safety.

But when he was told it was the Coaſt of *Bohemia* upon which they were driven, remembering the Enmity there was between the King of that Country and his Father, whom he had ſought to poiſon, he was greatly perplexed, not knowing what to do; or whether it was better to truſt to the Fury of the Winds and Waves than the Treachery and Cruelty of the inhuman *Pandoſto*.

Capnio, who ſaw it was impoſſible to expect any Safety at Sea, adviſed the Prince to conceal his Name and Country and take up his Reſidence in ſome ſmall Village till they could procure a Ship to carry them to *Italy*.

Doraſtus approved this Scheme, and ordered *Capnio* to bid the Ship's Crew give out that his Name was *Meleagrus*, a Gentleman of *Trapalonia*, and aſſure them in his Name of a large Reward for their Secrecy.

This done they went on Shore, and hired Lodgings at a Farm Houſe in a Village, a Mile diſtant from the chief City of *Bohemia*; as ſoon as they were recovered from the Fatigues

they had endured at Sea during the Storm, *Doraſtus*, impatient to be united to his beloved *Fawnia*, gave *Capnio* Orders to make Preparations for their Marriage.

But in the mean time the Fame of *Fawnia*'s Beauty was ſpread through all the Village, and from thence reached the City, and at laſt the Court; nothing was talked of but the lovely Stranger, whoſe wonderful Beauty was the Subject of general Admiration.

Pandoſto, though at that Time above ſixty Years old, was fired with the Reports he continually heard of this young Miracle, and was reſolved to ſee her; and being informed they affected great Privacy, and lodged in a very mean Houſe, he determined to have them ſeized on Suſpicion of their being Spies, and brought before him in order to be examined by himſelf.

Accordingly he ſent a ſmall Party of his Guards to apprehend them, who coming to the Houſe where they lodged, informed them that they muſt come before the King.

Doraſtus, not in the leaſt daunted by this Meſſage, took *Fawnia* by the Hand, and leaving *Porrus* to take Care of the Treaſure, followed the Guards together with *Capnio*.

Being introduced to the King, they paid their Obeiſance to him with a reſpectful Confidence that might have perſuaded him of their Innocence had he really ſuſpected them to have come into his Country with any bad Intention.

But

But the King, at the firſt Glance of *Fawnia*, was ſo aſtoniſhed at her wonderful Beauty, that, forgetting what he had to do for ſeveral Minutes, he ſtood motionleſs like a Statue, not able to remove his Eyes from that enchanting Object; recovering himſelf at laſt, he turned to *Doraſtus*, and aſked him ſternly who he was, of what Country, and with what Intent he had landed in *Bohemia*? "Sir, ſaid *Doraſtus*, with a Countenance unchanged, and a reſolute Tone of Voice, my Name is *Meleagrus*, a Knight, born and bred up in *Trapalonia*; this young Woman, whom I intend to make my Wife, is a Native of *Italy*, from whence I brought her; the Reaſon I have ſo ſmall a Train, is, that her Friends being unwilling to conſent to her Marriage, I took her away privately with an Intent to carry her to *Trapalonia*; as we were ſailing a violent Storm aroſe which drove us upon this Coaſt, and I propoſe to ſtay no longer here than till our Ship is refitted, and put into a Condition to purſue her Voyage."

Pandoſto, either not ſatisfied, or pretending not to be ſatisfied, with this Account, roſe from his Seat in a Rage; "*Meleagrus*, ſaid he, I am not to be impoſed upon by this unlikely Tale; this Lady appears to be of a much higher Quality than you repreſent her, and by the graceful Lovelineſs of her Perſon, fitter to be the Wife of a great Prince, than a ſimple Knight, as you declare yourſelf to be."

"You have ſtolen away this young Lady from her unhappy Parents, like a falſe Traitor,

and as you have made them miſerable by your Theft, will, no doubt, ſhortly make her ſo too; therefore, till I can be thoroughly informed of her Birth, and till you have produced a Certificate from *Trapalonia* to confirm the Account you have given of yourſelf, I will detain ye all in *Bohemia*."

The noble Mind of *Doraſtus* could but ill brook the baſe Suſpicions and injurious Language of *Pandoſto*, and almoſt forgetting the Character he aſſumed he looked on him with a Frown of Anger and Diſdain, and with a haughty Accent thus replied:

"It is unworthy the Honour and Dignity of a Prince to reproach any Man with having committed ſcandalous Crimes without any Proof of his Guilt, or even Suſpicion to form a Belief on; inoffenſive Strangers ought to be treated with Kindneſs and Benevolence, not with Diſtruſt and Cruelty, which is contrary to the Laws of Nations, and the Cuſtoms of all civilized People; but the Gods will ſeverely revenge the Cauſe of thoſe, who, through Inability to right themſelves, are obliged to put up with Wrongs and Injuries."

Pandoſto was ſo enraged at this bold and reſolute Language, that he immediately ordered his Guards to carry the audacious Stranger to Priſon, and likewiſe ordered all the Ship's Crew to be put in a cloſe Dungeon. For *Fawnia* he ordered an Apartment in the Palace to be prepared, and recommended her to the Care of ſome of the Court Ladies.

Doraſtus heard the Order for his Confinement with a contemptuous Silence, and followed the Guards without deigning to caſt a Look on the enraged King, and only by a paſſionate Glance at *Fawnia*, expreſſed the Anguiſh of his Soul at being thus torn from her.

She, with ſtreaming Eyes, ſaw him depart, and retiring to the Apartment allotted for her, reſigned herſelf up to the deepeſt Deſpair, and continued wholly inſenſible of all the Conſolations that were offered her.

Mean Time *Pandoſto*, in whoſe old Boſom Love had again kindled a Flame, loſt no Opportunity of ſeeing the beauteous Stranger. At firſt, he fancied he was only giving Way to a pleaſing Amuſement when he ſought the Sight and Converſation of *Fawnia*, but he ſoon perceived that ſhe was become neceſſary to his Happineſs.

His reſtleſs Anxiety when he was abſent from her, his diſordered Wiſhes when with her, the Perturbations of his Mind when he thought of *Meleagrus*, convinced him that this unknown Virgin had conquered his Heart; he bluſhed at his own Weakneſs; he reflected on his advanced Age; his exalted Rank; on her Youth, Beauty, and mean Condition; and ſought for Reaſons againſt his yielding to the Force of his miſplaced Paſſions, Reaſons he found many, but Love was ſtronger than them all.

In vain he repreſented to himſelf that *Fawnia* loved the unknown Knight, and that a Heart already prepoſſeſſed with a young and amiable Object, was not likely to yield to his Sollicitations; his Paſſion ſeemed to gather Strength from the Obſtacles which oppoſed it, and he reſolved, if Perſuaſions failed, to make Uſe of all his Power, to compel *Fawnia* to his Deſires.

For this Purpoſe he ſent a Meſſenger to her one Day when he was walking in a Park behind his Palace, to tell her he wanted to ſpeak to her.

Fawnia went to him unwillingly, and as ſhe approached, the King taking her Hand walked with her a few Steps, then ſtopping ſuddenly, he looked earneſtly at her a Moment, and thus ſpoke.

"*Fawnia*, I am charmed with thy Wit and Beauty, I pity thy diſtreſt Situation, and am willing to make thy Fortune, provided thou wilt forſake that deſpicable Knight who brought thee hither. — He is unworthy to poſſeſs an Object ſo lovely, thou art fit for the Embraces of a King, and if thou wilt yield to be my Miſtreſs, I will advance thee both to Dignity and Riches."

"I little expected, replied *Fawnia*, with noble Diſdain, to hear a Propoſal ſo baſe and ſo unworthy the Majeſty of a King, from *Pandoſto*. Is it for you Sir, for one of your Dignity and Age to attempt to ſeduce an unhappy

happy Virgin, whom Fortune and your own Injuſtice has put into your Power? But know, my Lord, that your Endeavours to engage me from *Meleagrus* are all in vain; he won my Heart by honourable Love, and he only ſhall poſſeſs it; my unhappy Fate drove me into your Dominions, where I have been ſeparated from *Meleagrus*, and am perſecuted by you; but theſe Misfortunes cannot leſſen my Love, or ſhake my Conſtancy. True Love like true Virtue, gathers Strength and Firmneſs from Diſtreſs. No, though your Majeſty has impriſoned my Lover without any Cauſe, contrary to all the Laws of Hoſpitality and Juſtice, and by that Means I am left alone and without any Protection in your Court, yet think not that the moſt terrible Threats, or moſt alluring Temptations, can make me conſent to any Thing that is diſhonourable. I have a noble Mind, though the Gods have been pleaſed to cover it with plebean Clay; I cannot be terrified by Threats, or ſoothed by Flatteries into a baſe Compliance, therefore be aſſured, I would rather chuſe to be the Wife of *Meleagrus*, and ſhare with him the greateſt Miſeries that cruel Fortune can inflict, than be the Concubine of *Orlando*, and live in all the Splendor he can beſtow."

The King, though greatly ſurprized and perplexed with this reſolute Anſwer of *Fawnia*, yet would not give over his Solicitations; when he found he could not prevail upon her to yield to his Deſires by Promiſes of

Wealth and Grandeur to herſelf, he ſwore that he would not only ſet *Meleagrus* at Liberty, but that he would confer Honours and Dignities on him, and raiſe him to a Rank equal to the greateſt of his Noblemen."

But *Fawnia* replied, "that ſhe would not purchaſe his Liberty, ardently as ſhe loved him, with the Loſs of her Honour," and *Pandoſto* ſeeing her ſo fixed in her Reſolution not to forſake *Meleagrus*, would preſs her no further at that Time, and left her to herſelf.

Fawnia, as ſoon as ſhe was alone, began with Sighs and Tears to bewail this new Misfortune which had befallen her, anticipating by her Fears the Diſtreſſes her Refuſal of the King's Offers might bring upon *Doraſtus* and herſelf.

"Oh! unfortunate *Fawnia*, ſaid ſhe, how well has thy Preſumption, in daring to love a Prince, been puniſhed by the Calamities thou endureſt at preſent, and thoſe greater ones which thou haſt Reaſon to expect. Ah! fond and inconſiderate Maid, hadſt thou been contented with the humble Condition of a Shepherdeſs, in which thou wert born, thou hadſt eſcaped theſe Evils; but thy raſh Folly has not only undone thyſelf, but ruined him whoſe Happineſs is and ought to be dearer to thee than thy own!"

"Oh! *Doraſtus*, *Doraſtus*, thou who wert born a Prince, art now a Priſoner for my Sake; thoſe Hands which were formed for Scepters are loaded with ſhameful Irons for me,

me, unworthy me, what Miſeries has thy fatal Paſſion for the wretched *Fawnia* brought upon thee? too lovely and too generous Prince, thou hadſt been ſtill great and happy but for me. Oh! that by my Death I could free thee from thy unworthy Bonds, but alas! thy Freedom can only be procured by the Sacrifice of my Honour, and that Sacrifice thou wouldſt never conſent to; no, my dear Prince, 'tis only by my Fidelity to thee that I can requite thy wonderous Love, and here I ſwear by the immortal Gods, no Temptations, no Threats, not even of Death itſelf, ſhall ever make me forſake thee."

Fawnia having thus given Vent to the ſecret Sorrows of her Soul, retired to her Apartment in the Palace, and paſt the melancholy Hours in bewailing the Confinement of her beloved Prince, and offering up Prayers to the Gods for his Deliverance.

Mean Time *Doraſtus* lay in a cloſe Priſon, loaded with Irons like a common Criminal, and now a thouſand bitter Reflexions roſe in his Mind; Rage and Shame at the unworthy Treatment he received, made him ſometimes regret his ill placed Paſſion, which had brought him into ſo wretched a Condition.

But this Thought ſeldom dwelt long upon his Mind, and he was more ready to accuſe the Gods of Cruelty and Injuſtice for divideing him from *Fawnia*, and ſubjecting him to ſuch Miſeries, than to repent the Folly that had cauſed them.

Oh! wretched *Doraſtus*, would he cry, when aſſaulted by a vainly ſuppreſt Remorſe,

oughteſt thou in Reaſon to repine at thy Fate? are not worſe Puniſhments, if poſſible, than what thou now endureſt due to thy Unworthineſs and Folly? couldſt thou expect to be favoured by Heaven, thou who didſt forget the Duties of thy Station, and haſt diſgraced thy Rank and Dignity? the Wrath of Heaven is levelled at the Wretch who diſobeys his Father, and oppreſſes his old Age with Shame and Sorrow, thou haſt done this *Doraſtus*, and mayſt with Reaſon expect the ſevereſt Puniſhments will be inflicted on thee; behold me then ye Gods ready to ſuffer all your Vengeance, and willing to expiate my Offence by Death; But on me, on me only let looſe all your Fury, ſpare the lovely, the innocent *Fawnia*, ſhield and defend her helpleſs Youth from the inhuman Tyranny of *Pandoſto*, and if my Death can procure her Safety, haſten it ye heavenly Powers, and let my Puniſhment attone for all."

While the two Lovers thus groaned under the cruel Tyranny of *Pandoſto*, his Paſſion for *Fawnia* gave him no leſs Diſquiet; her Denials inſtead of abating increaſed his unlawful Deſires; his Diſcontent appeared in every Look and Action, ſo that his Courtiers, who ſaw him always diſturbed and uneaſy, wondered from whence the ſudden Alteration proceeded.

Though the reſolute Behaviour of *Fawnia* in the laſt Interview he had with her gave him no Reaſon to hope for any Change in her Sentiments, yet being impatient to ſee her again and aſſail her Virtue with new Sollicitations, he

he ordered her to be brought privately into his Apartment.

Fawnia, with great Reluctance, ſuffered herſelf to be conducted to his Preſence, and the King, as ſoon as he ſaw her, ordered all his Attendants to withdraw, and with a ſoothing Look and Voice thus ſpoke to her.

" Well, charming *Fawnia*, have you conſidered upon the Purport of my laſt Converſation with you, when we walked together in the Park? are you become leſs obſtinate, and more wiſe? Will you prefer the Love of a King to the Affection of a miſerable Knight? I perſuade myſelf you are not ſo inſenſible to the Charms of Ambition as not to think it better to be the Favourite of a King, than the Wife of a poor Subject."

" My Lord, replied *Fawnia*, I am ſenſible that I am in your Power, and have indeed ſeverely felt the arbitrary Exertion of it; is it juſt, is it reaſonable, my Lord, to inflict upon innocent Perſons ſuch Puniſhments as are only due to guilty ones? What Crime has *Meleagrus* committed againſt you that he muſt be loaded with Chains and confined in a horrible Priſon? And what Right have you over my Perſon, that you detain me here in your Palace, and force me to liſten to your infamous Propoſals? *Meleagrus* has never attempted to ſeduce your Subjects from their Allegiance to you; why then do you attempt to allure me from the Fidelity I owe to him? but know, unjuſt Prince, though Fortune has put my Perſon in your

Power, my Mind can never be ſubdued, but diſdains alike your Promiſes and Threats, I have vowed to keep myſelf for my beloved *Meleagrus*, and nothing but Death ſhall prevent my keeping that Vow."

"Is it poſſible then, ſaid *Pandoſto*, that you can perſiſt in refuſing the Love of a King, for the Sake of that wretched Man? fooliſh and ungrateful Girl. you ſay you are in my Power, yet I forbear to uſe it to your Prejudice, and what I might compel by Force, am contented only to ſue for, by Prayers; yield then and reward my ardent Paſſion with your Love, *Meleagrus* ſhall be ſet at Liberty, your Countrymen diſcharged, and all that your utmoſt Wiſhes can ſuggeſt, ſhall be fulfilled by a King who burns in Love for you."

"Why do you talk of Love? replied *Fawnia*, with a beautiful Diſdain, you who are a Stranger to that godlike Paſſion, alas! 'tis Profanation to call the Inclination you have for me by the Name of Love, ſuch Love as yours, my Lord, is worſe than Death to a modeſt Virgin, and to avoid it I will freely ſacrifice my Life. Well may you threaten me with your Power, you who are capable of making ſo ill an Uſe of it, but know, laſcivious Prince, that all your Power is inſufficient to force me to a Crime the Gods abhor, and ſince I dare die to preſerve my Honour, your impious Attempt will gain you nothing but eternal Infamy."

Pandoſto

Pandoſto, enraged at her unalterable Love for *Meleagrus*, and fixed Reſolution to refuſe his Offer, ordered her, with Eyes ſparkling with Fury, to quit his Preſence, ſwearing at the ſame Time that unleſs ſhe diſpoſed herſelf ſoon to yield to his Deſires, he would force her to comply, whatever might be the Conſequences.

Fawnia, not in the leaſt terrified at his Menaces, quitted his Apartment and retired to her own, arming her Soul with Fortitude to eſcape his threatened Force by Death, if Heaven afforded her not ſome other Means of Relief.

In the mean Time the King of *Sicily* was informed by ſome *Bohemian* Merchants, who had diſcovered *Meleagrus* to be *Doraſtus*, that his Son was in *Bohemia*, and confined in Priſon by the King.

Egiſtus, though extremely offended with his Son for his Diſobedience and Deſertion of him, yet could not hear of the ſhameful Treatment he received from *Pandoſto* without feeling great Affliction; and reflecting that *Bellaria* and himſelf had been cleared by the Oracles of *Apollo* of the Crime the King ſuſpected them guilty of, he did not doubt but *Pandoſto* would ſend back his fugitive Son, at the Requeſt of his Ambaſſadors.

He therefore ordered a ſmall Fleet well manned to be prepared, and giving a Commiſſion to ſome of his principal Nobles to demand

mand the Prince of *Pandoſto*, they embarked and ſet ſail for *Bohemia*.

Pandoſto received the *Sicilian* Ambaſſadors with great Reſpect, which filled them with Hopes of returning to their Maſter with Succeſs, and ſoon after their Arrival related to them the Adventure of the *Trapalonian* Knight, who he ſaid had come into his Dominions in a very ſuſpicious Manner, bringing with him a young Lady, named *Fawnia*, and no Attendants but a Shepherd, and an old Man.

The Ambaſſadors immediately perceived this *Trapalonian* Knight was no other than their Prince *Doraſtus*, but they diſſembled the Matter for the preſent till the King granted them a public Audience, and then in the Name of their Sovereign they demanded the Prince of *Sicily* of him, who was in his Dominions under the Name of *Meleagrus*.

They then proceeded to acquaint his *Bohemian* Majeſty that the Prince of *Sicily* had contrary to the Will of the King his Father, quitted the Kingdom, and carried with him a young Maid, named *Fawnia*, the Daughter of an old Shepherd, called *Porrus*, and that *Capnio*, one of the Prince's Attendants, had accompanied him in his Flight.

They concluded with telling the King that it was the Requeſt of their Sovereign *Egiſtus*, that Prince *Doraſtus* ſhould be freed from his Confinement and ſent home with them, and

that *Capnio*, *Porrus*, and his Daughter, *Fawnia*, ſhould be put to Death.

Pandoſto heard this Embaſſy with great Aſtoniſhment, and willing to reconcile himſelf to *Egiſtus*, and to ſhew how much he deſired to renew their long interrupted Friendſhip, he reſolved punctually to execute his Will, and to ſacrifice *Fawnia* both to his Policy and his injured Love.

He therefore ſent Orders immediately for the Releaſe of *Doraſtus*, who was greatly ſurprized at this unexpected Favour, but he was ſtill more ſo, when being conducted into the King's Preſence, he ſaw ſeveral Noblemen belonging to his Father's Court, who, as ſoon as he appeared, approached, and paid their Duties to him with the utmoſt Reſpect.

Pandoſto riſing from his Chair of State embraced him with many Expreſſions of Tender and Reſpect, mingling Apologies for what had paſſed, while his Birth and Quality were unknown, then ſeating him on his right Hand, he declared to him the Purport of the Embaſſy, he had received from the King, his Father.

Doraſtus, in great Confuſion to find the Cauſe of his Flight was thus publickly known, held down his Head to hide the Bluſhes which overſpread his Face, but when the King went on to relate the Puniſhment that he was required to inflict upon *Fawnia* and the other Partners of his Flight, he was not able to conceal the ſtrong Emotions of his Soul,

Soul, but in the moſt paſſionate Terms he exclaimed againſt the Cruelty and Injuſtice of his Father, and earneſtly conjured *Pandoſto* not to execute ſo inhuman a Sentence.

The King, without being moved by his Intreaties, ordered *Fawnia*, *Capnio*, and *Porrus* to be brought before him, and giving Way to the Fury of his Reſentment againſt *Fawnia*, whoſe noble Reſiſtance had changed the Former Love he bore her into Hatred, he accoſted the trembling Maid with theſe reproachful Words.

"Mean and contemptible Wretch, ſaid he, how durſt thou raiſe thy dazled Eyes to Honour, and in thy baſe born Soul nouriſh the Flames of Ambition. Was it for thee, thou Beggar, to entertain Hopes of marrying a Prince? and practiſe Arts to induce the Son of a great King to forſake his Country to gratify thy inſolent Deſires? but know, thou dangerous Syren, Death ſhall be the Reward of thy daring Ambition; aud thou old doating Fool, ſaid he, to the pale trembling *Porrus*, whoſe inſolent Folly has prompted thy Daughter to this raſh Undertaking, thy Life ſhall pay for thy Preſumption."

"But for thee, *Capnio*, added the enraged King, Death is too eaſy a Puniſhment, thy Treaſon and Falſhood merits ſomething worſe, I therefore condemn thee to have thy Eyes put out, and till thou dieſt grind continually in a Mill, like a blind Horſe."

Doraſtus,

Doraſtus, whom the Sentence that was paſt on *Fawnia*, had thrown into a ſilent Agony of Grief, Rage, and Deſpair, perceiving they were about to lead her away, roſe up to ſpeak in her Defence, but overcome with the Violence of theſe different Emotions, he ſunk down again in his Chair, without any Appearance of Life.

By the timely Aſſiſtance of the King's Phyſicians he recovered, his Senſes, and at their Inſtances, he was removed from the Sight of *Fawnia*, who, as ſoon as he was taken out of the Room, ſpoke in this Manner.

" If my Death will be the Means of procuring Peace and Happineſs for Prince *Doraſtus*, who is my betrothed Lord, and whoſe ſacred Vows, the Gods have heard, and regiſtered in Heaven, and which no Power on Earth can diſſolve, I am then content to die, but my innocent and tender Paſſion for him, I ſhall carry to my Grave; my laſt Breath ſhall be ſpent in begging Bleſſings for him, in imploring the Gods to ſhed their choiceſt Gifts upon him, that when he ſucceeds to the Throne of his Father, he may rule his Subjects with Prudence, Equity, and Moderation, for Wiſdom and Mercy are divine Attributes, and a Monarch's true Safety and Happineſs conſiſts in the Love, and not the Fear of his People. Behold me then, O King, prepared to ſuffer all the Rigour of your Sentence. But oh! my Father, what has he done, that his gray and venerable Hairs muſt

by

by Violence be brought to the Grave, alas! he is abſolutely innocent of the Engagement, between the Prince and me; he neither counſel'd my Flight, nor conſented to accompany me in it, but was brought forcibly on board the Ship, and compelled to be the Partner of our Voyage; muſt he then die for an involuntary Crime? Oh unjuſt and cruel Deſtiny! —But who art thou, King *Pandoſto?* who judgeſt thus the Subjects of another King, who not having committed any Thing worthy of Puniſhment, ſince they came into thy Territories, haſt nevertheleſs paſſed Sentence of Death upon them? But ſomething within me ſays thou haſt a Power to judge *Fawnia*; be it ſo then; and welcome Death, which will bring me to thoſe Regions of Bliſs, where eternal Juſtice, Mercy and Compaſſion reigns.

The old Shepherd, moved with the affectionate Entreaties of *Fawnia* in his Favour, and perceiving there was no more Hope of Life, reſolved, before he died, to diſcover that ſhe was not his Daughter, and, after entreating a few Moments Audience, ſpoke thus:

"King of *Bohemia*, and ye noble Ambaſſadors of *Sicily*, ſeeing that I am, though innocent, condemned to die, I am willing to diſburthen my Conſcience of a Secret I have too long concealed: I will tell ye as much as I know, and no more than is true: *Fawnia*, who has been diſdained as a vile Beggar, is not my Daughter; I found her, and thus it happened: Being a poor Shepherd in *Sicily*, and living by keeping other Mens Flocks, upon a certain

certain Day, one of my Sheep ſtraying down to the Sea-ſide, I went to look for it, and ſaw a little Boat driven upon the Sands, wherein I found a Babe, about ſix Days old, wrapt in a ſcarlet Mantle, with a Chain about its Neck: Compaſſion moved me to take Care of the Child, and being covetous of the Treaſure I had found with it, I carried it home to my Wife, who nurſed it as her own, and when it grew up ſet it to keep Sheep; this Lady, *Fawnia*, is the Child whom I found, and here is the Chain and the Jewels that were about her; who ſhe is, and of what Parentage, I know not, but I ſolemnly declare ſhe is not mine."

Pandoſto, who had with Difficulty reſtrained his Emotions while *Porrus* was ſpeaking, as ſoon as he was ſilent, impatiently demanded to know the Seaſon of the Year when he found this Babe, the Boat in which it was laid, and ſeveral other Circumſtances; and fully ſatisfied with his Anſwers, he ſuddenly ſprung from his Seat, and in a Rapture of paternal Affection, he catched *Fawnia* in his Arms, bathing her tender Face, which he preſſed cloſe to his own, with Tears of Surprize and Joy, and crying in broken Accents, "Oh, *Fawnia!* my long loſt Daughter! I am thy Father, *Fawnia*."

Theſe Exclamations and ſudden Paſſion filled all that were preſent with Amazement, eſpecially *Fawnia*, who ſtood motionleſs with Surprize, her lovely Face expreſſing at once the Extremes of Joy, Hope, Fear and Wonder.

Pandoſto

Pandoſto, as ſoon as the firſt Violence of his Tranſports was abated, ſent for *Doreſtus*, who was by this Time perfectly reſtored to his Senſes, and holding *Fawnia* by the Hand, he declared, that ſhe was his Daughter, of whom his Wife *Bellaria*, had been delivered while ſhe lay under the falſe Suſpicion of Adultery, and was therefore by his Orders expoſed in an open Boat to the Fury of the Waves: He then ordered *Porrus*, to tell the Prince where he had found her, and his Relation finiſhed, he again embraced her, and publicly acknowledged her for his Daughter.

Fawnia, now aſſured of the Reality of her Happineſs, indulged her Joy at this unexpected good Fortune; *Doreſtus* was tranſported out of himſelf, and the *Sicilians* no longer repined at their Prince's Choice, but rejoiced in the Expectation that the Enmity which had ſo long ſubſiſted between *Egiſtus* and *Pandoſto*, would now be changed into a firm Friendſhip and perpetual Peace between the Kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Bohemia*.

The News was ſoon ſpread through *Pandoſto*'s Dominions; the Streets rung with Exclamations of Joy for the King's having found his Daughter, and that there was now a lawful Heir to the Crown of *Bohemia*; nothing but magnificent Shews were every where to be ſeen, and the moſt extravagant Demonſtrations of Joy.

The

The King conferred the Honour of Knighthood on old *Porrus*, who had been ſo long the reputed Father of *Fawnia*; and cauſing a noble Fleet to be put in readineſs to ſail, he embarked with *Doraſtus*, *Fawnia*, and the *Sicilian* Ambaſſadors, with a numerous Retinue, and ſoon arrived at *Sicily*, where he was kindly received by *Egiſtus*, who was perfectly ſatisfied with his Son's Fortune.

The nuptial Ceremonies between the Prince and Princeſs were performed with great Magnificence; and ſoon after, *Pandoſto* giving way to a thouſand gloomy Reflexions, which the Conſideration of his unjuſt Jealouſy of *Bellaria*, his deſigned Cruelty to *Egiſtus*, but above all his unnatural Paſſion for his Daughter, had inſpired, a deep Melancholy ſeized his Spirits, which turning to a Phrenzy, he one Night, took Advantage of the Abſence of his Attendants, and ſtabbed himſelf with a Dagger.

His Death was much lamented by *Doraſtus*, *Fawnia* and the good *Egiſtus*; his Body being embalmed, the young King and Queen of *Bohemia* took Leave of the King of *Sicily*, their Father, and carried the Corpſe of the deceaſed Monarch with them to *Bohemia*, where the funeral Obſequies were performed with great Splendor; and they aſcended the Throne, to the univerſal Joy of the whole Kingdom.

OBSERVA-

OBSERVATIONS *on the Uſe* Shakeſpear *has made of the foregoing Novel in his Play called The* Winter's Tale.

The Fable of the WINTER'S TALE.

POLIXENES, King of *Bohemia*, and *Leontes*, King of *Sicilia*, having been bred together in their Youth, and maintained a ſtrict Friendſhip and Correſpondence with each other after they ſucceeded to the Thrones of their Fathers; *Polixenes* deſirous of ſeeing again his beloved Companion, pays him a Viſit in his own Dominions, where, after ſtaying a conſiderable Time, he propoſes to take Leave and return to his own Kingdom; but *Leontes*, unwilling to part with him, preſſes him to a longer Stay; *Polixenes* refuſes; whereupon *Leontes* deſires his Queen *Hermione* to ſolicit him; ſhe obeys; and *Polixenes*, at her Requeſt, conſents to remain a little longer in *Bohemia*.

Leontes takes Occaſion, from the Earneſtneſs of his Wife's Entreaties and the eaſy Compliance of *Polixenes*, to ſuſpect them both of Adultery; and growing furious with Jealouſy, he endeavours to perſuade *Camillo*, one of

of his Courtiers, whom he had made Cup-Bearer to *Polixenes*, to poiſon him.

Camillo promiſes to perform his Orders, but ſecretly diſcovers them to the King of *Bohemia*, who, thus warned, makes his Eſcape by Night, accompanied by his Preſerver, *Camillo*.

Leontes, enraged at their Flight, and ſuppoſing that his Queen was privy to it, publicly accuſes her of Adultery with *Polixenes*, and of conſpiring with *Camillo* to take away his Life.

Hermione is ſent to Priſon, where ſhe is delivered of a Daughter: *Paulina*, an old Lady, Friend to the Queen, carries the Child to *Leontes*, who ſwears it is a Baſtard, and threatens to have both it and the Mother burnt; being with Difficulty diſſuaded from this cruel Reſolution, he orders *Antigonous*, the Huſband of *Paulina*, to carry the Child to ſome deſert Place, quite out of his Dominions, and there leave it.

Antigonous being inſtructed in a Dream how to diſpoſe of it, carries it into *Bohemia*, and leaves it in a Wood, but as he is returning to his Veſſel, he is devoured by a wild Bear, and the Ship is wrecked.

Leontes having ſent Meſſengers to *Delphos* to conſult the Oracle of *Apollo* concerning his Queen's Infidelity; as ſoon as they return, the Queen is brought to her Trial, and her Ac-

cuſation

cuſation being read, which ſhe courageouſly denies, and refers to the Oracle, it is broke open and read aloud, and pronounces her In-her Inocence.

The King declares the Oracle is falſe, and orders the Court to proceed in the Tryal, when a Meſſenger brings him an Account of the ſudden Death of the Prince his Son, the Queen falls into a Swoon at this News, and is carried out.

Leontes, believing the Death of his Son to be a Puniſhment for his Profanation in denying the Truth of the Oracle, repents his unjuſt Accuſation of *Hermione*, aſks Pardon of *Apollo*, and reſolves to make his Queen Amends, for the Injuries he had offered her.

While he is making theſe penitent Reſolutions, *Paulina* enters, and informs him the Queen is dead. *Leontes*, in great Affliction, vows to viſit her Tomb once in every Day while he lives, and weep over it.

In the mean Time the little *Perdita*, his Daughter, is found by a *Bohemian* Shepherd, who breeds it up as his own Child: Prince *Florizel*, the Son of *Polixenes*, falls in love with *Perdita*, and reſolves to marry her. The King, his Father, diſcovers his Intention, and threatens *Perdita* with Death if ſhe ever again preſumes to receive his Son's Addreſſes; *Camillo*, who ardently deſired to viſit his own Country, *Sicilia*, and his old Maſter *Leontes*,

perſuades Prince *Florizel*, ſince he was determined not to quit *Perdita*, to ſteal her away and carry her to *Sicilia*, and feign an Embaſſy from his Father to *Leontes*, which would ſecure him a kind Reception.

Florizel goes on board a Ship with *Perdita*, and ſails to *Sicilia*, where he is received with great Friendſhip by *Leontes*, but immediately after King *Polixenes* himſelf arrives, having been perſuaded by *Camillo* to follow his Son, and prevent his Marriage with *Perdita*.

The ſuppoſed Father of *Perdita* having been decoyed on board the Prince's Veſſel, as he was going to the King to diſcover how he came by *Perdita*, and to ſhow him the Tokens he found with her; ſhe is by his Means diſcovered to be the Daughter of *Leontes*.

Paulina, overjoyed at this happy Diſcovery, invites the two Kings, with the Prince and Princeſs, to her Houſe to ſee a Statue of *Hermione*, which ſhe ſays is juſt finiſhed, they follow her, and ſhe ſhews them *Hermione* herſelf, who they ſuppoſed dead, ſtanding upon a Pedeſtal; after they have gazed on her ſome Time, ſtill thinking it was a Statue of the deceaſed Queen, *Paulina* orders the Muſic to play, and bids the Statue deſcend, which it does, and is diſcovered to be the living *Hermione*.

Leontes receives her again with Tranſport, Prince *Florizel* is married to his beloved *Perdita*

and the good old *Paulina* is rewarded with another Huſband, in the Room of her loſt *Antigonous*.

It has been mentioned as a great Praiſe to *Shakeſpear* that the old paltry Story of *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia* ſerved him for a Winter's Tale, but if we compare the Conduct of the Incidents in the Play with the paltry Story on which it is founded, we ſhall find the Original much leſs abſurd and ridiculous.

If *Shakeſpear* had even improved the Story, and cleared it of great Part of its Inconſiſtencies, yet he would ſtill have been accountable for what remained, for why indeed did he chuſe a Subject ſo faulty for the Story of a Play; his Claim to Praiſe would have been but very ſmall, by making what was bad better, ſince he was free in the Choice of his Subject; but certainly he can have no Pretenſions to it at all by changing bad to worſe; that he has done ſo will be eaſily proved by examining ſome of the principal Incidents, as they are differently managed by the Noveliſt and the Poet.

The King's Jealouſy is the Foundation of all the Adventures that followed, but extravagant as its Conſequences are in both, yet the Riſe and Progreſs of this terrible Paſſion is better accounted for in the Novel than the Play: In the firſt we are told that *Pandoſto*, charmed with the friendly Viſit *Egiſtus* paid him in his Dominions, deſired the Queen to

treat her royal Gueſt with the Reſpect and Eſteem that was due to his Merit and the Friendſhip he had for him; the Queen, like an obedient Wife, complies with her Huſband's Directions, and perhaps over-acts her Part. The King begins to think he has been too officious; the innocent Familiarity between his Wife and Friend creates Suſpicions, which meeting with a Mind prepared by a natural Diſtruſtfulneſs to receive them, produces thoſe Sparks of Jealouſy which his intereſted Obſervations on all their Looks, Words, and Actions, afterwards blew into a Flame.

This Account of the King's Jealouſy does not abſolutely claſh with Probability. But let us ſee how *Shakeſpear* manages it in the Play; the two Kings make their firſt Appearance in the ſecond Scene in high Friendſhip and Confidence; *Polixenes* reminding his Friend of the Length of his Viſit, tells him he is now reſolved to be gone.

Leontes, not able to part with him, preſſes him earneſtly to ſtay longer, *Polixenes* urges the Neceſſity of his ſpeedy Departure, and truly, as he obſerves, nine Months is a great while for a good King to be out of his own Dominions.

Leontes, after many fruitleſs Intreaties, reproaches his Queen for not endeavouring to detain *Polixenes*, ſhe, in obedience to his Commands, preſſes him to gratify her Lord by a little

little longer Stay; *Polixenes* complies at her Requeſt, and certainly he muſt be a very ill bred Monarch had he done otherwiſe.

All this Converſation paſſes in the Preſence of *Leontes*, who from hence takes Occaſion to be jealous, and paſſes in an Inſtant from the greateſt Confidence, Security, and Friendſhip imaginable, to the laſt Extremity of Jealouſy and Rage. What wonderful Contrivance is here? The Legerdemain, who ſhews you a Tree that buds Bloſſoms and bears ripe Fruit in the Space of five Minutes, does not put ſo great a Cheat on the Senſes, as *Shakeſpear* does on the Underſtanding; for this Jealouſy of one Minute's Growth we ſee take Root before our Eyes, and ſo far from there being the ſmalleſt Progreſſion in the ſeveral Actions of budding, bloſſoming, and bearing ripe Fruit, that we have the firſt and the laſt at one and the ſame Inſtant.

The extravagant Effects of the King's Rage and Jealouſy are carried far enough in all Conſcience in the Novel, and *Shakeſpear* is not a Whit more moderate; only he has altered a Circumſtance which entirely deſtroys the little Probability the Noveliſt had preſerved in the Relation.

In the Story, the King being in his own Mind firmly perſuaded of the Queen's Guilt, orders her to be impriſoned, and the Daughter that ſhe was delivered of in Priſon to be burnt; to the Intreaties of his Courtiers he reverſes

the Sentence paſt on the Child, and commands it to be expoſed in a Boat, but declares that his Queen ſhall die.

She inſiſts upon being confronted with her Accuſers, whereupon ſhe is brought to a Tryal; but finding ſhe was likely to meet with no Juſtice in a Court over-ruled by the Power of her Huſband, ſhe on her Knees proteſts her Innocence, and intreats the King to conſult the Oracle of *Apollo* concerning the Crimes of which ſhe was accuſed. This ſo reaſonable a Requeſt being made in open Court, the King could not refuſe it, and therefore ſends Ambaſſadors to *Delphos*; who return with the Anſwer of the God; which being read, declares her Innocence, and the King is ſatisfied.

Shakeſpear makes the King in the Heighth of his Frenzy of Jealouſy ſend himſelf to the Oracle of *Apollo*, and in the mean Time commit the moſt barbarous Cruelties on his Queen and Child. How inconſiſtent is this! why does he conſult the Oracle if he is reſolved to proceed to Extremities before the Anſwer arrives? The Requeſt comes very naturally from the Queen in the Novel, and the King's Compliance with it is very well accounted for; but in the Play nothing can be more abſurd than that the King ſhould be reaſonable enough to conſult voluntarily the Gods concerning the Infidelity of his Wife; and while the Anſwer was expected, and her Guilt yet doubtful, puniſh her with as much Rigour as if the Oracle had declared her an Adultreſs. Her

again the paltry Story has the Advantage of the Play. Let us go on to examine a few more of the Incidents.

In the Novel, the Perſons who perform the hateful Office of expoſing the Infant Princeſs are ſome of the King's Guards.

In the Play, it is a Nobleman of high Rank, who had Courage enough to reprove the King for his violent and unjuſt Jealouſy, yet baſely ſubmits to take an Oath to perform his Commands, though he had Reaſon to think they would not be very mild, and ſtill more baſely keeps that Oath, though it enjoins him to carry the innocent Babe to a Deſert, and there leave it to the Mercy of the wild Beaſts.

In the Novel, the Accidents that happen to the expoſed Infant are governed by Chance; the Boat into which it was put being left in the midſt of the Ocean, is driven by the Winds to the Coaſt of *Bohemia*, and being ſpied by a Shepherd is drawn to Land.

In the Play, *Antigonous*, who is bound by Oath to leave the Child in ſome deſert Place quite out of its Father's Dominions, is warned in a Dream by its unhappy Mother to call the Infant *Perdita*, and carry it to *Bohemia*, and there leave it.

Antigonous obeys, and this done, it is abſolutely neceſſary he ſhould never return to *Sicily*, otherwiſe it may be diſcovered where the Princeſs is left, and all the future Adventures would fall to the Ground, therefore a Bear ruſhes out of the Woods and devours

him; the good-natured Bear, as it ſhould ſeem, reſolved not to ſpoil the Story, paſſes by the little Princeſs, who is to make ſo great a Figure hereafter, and a convenient Storm ariſing, ſplits the Ship in which ſhe was brought thither, ſo that all the Sailors periſhing, though they were near enough the Shore to have ſaved themſelves, no one is left to carry back any Account of the Affair to *Sicily*, and thereby prevent the Adventures which are to follow.

All this is very wonderful: *Shakeſpear* multiplies Miracle upon Miracle to bring about the ſame Events in the Play, which Chance, with much more Propriety, performs in the Novel.

The Loves of the young Prince of *Bohemia* and the royal Shepherdeſs are carried on much in the ſame Manner by the Poet as the Noveliſt; *Shakeſpear* has even borrowed ſome of the Thoughts from the latter in this Speech of *Florizel* to *Perdita*.

"The Gods themſelves,
Humbling their Deities to Love, have taken
The Shapes of Beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a Bull, and bellow'd the Green.
Neptune
A Ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble Swain,
As I ſeem now. Their Transformations
Were never for a Piece of Beauty rarer,
Nor in a Way ſo chaſte. Since my Deſires
Run not before my Honour, nor my Luſts
Burn hotter than my Faith."

Doraſtus

Doraſtus ſpeaks almoſt the ſame Words in the Novel, "The Gods themſelves have not diſdained to love: *Jupiter* was enamoured of *Danaë*, and the bright *Apollo* woo'd the inexorable *Daphne*; theſe were mortal Beauties, and they were Deities; why then, though a Prince, may not I love a Shepherdeſs, but their Paſſions were diſhonourable, mine is pure and chaſte, 'tis true, and herein I ſurpaſs the Gods; be ſtill then, O my Soul, for 'tis decreed, *Fawnia*, the adorable *Fawnia*, ſhall be mine."

The Eſcape of the two Lovers is very differently managed in the Novel and Play; in the firſt, the Prince being preſſed by his Father to marry, reſolves to leave *Sicily* with *Fawnia*, and fly into *Italy*, where he intended to live concealed till his Father's Death, or that he could reconcile him to his Marriage with the beautiful Shepherdeſs; having procured a Ship, and a ſufficient Quantity of Money and Jewels, he meets *Fawnia* early in the Morning and carries her to the Port, they embark, and ſteer their Courſe for *Italy*, but are driven by contrary Winds to *Bohemia*, where they are obliged to land.

In the Play, *Florizel* diſguiſed in the Habit of a Shepherd for the Sake of *Perdita*, aſſiſts at a Sheepſhearing Feaſt. The King, his Father, being informed of his Son's Reſort to the Houſe of a Shepherd, goes there diſguiſed with his Confidant, *Camillo*, and comes

very opportunely to hear the Prince, his Son declare his Paſſion for the Fair Shepherdeſs publicly, and his Intentions of marrying her; nay he carries his Indiſcretion ſo far as to join Hands with her before all the Country People who are preſent; can any Thing be more abſurd?

The King, ſufficiently informed of his Son's Deſigns, diſcovers himſelf, and forbids the Bans: this is indeed a terrible Stroke; one would be puzzled to think how the Lovers will eſcape; for is it not natural to ſuppoſe that the enraged King will keep his Son in a ſtrict Confinement to prevent this unequal Match; but it happens quite otherwiſe; for the King, after ſome ſevere Menaces, goes back to his Palace, and leaves his Son at Liberty to run away with the Country Girl, which he accordingly does.

The Part *Camillo* acts in this Affair is not more conſiſtent; he longs to ſee again his old Maſter *Leontes* and his native Country *Sicilia*, which he had quitted to preſerve *Polixenes*, and becauſe this Monarch loved him ſo well that he could not bear his Abſence, and gently denied him Permiſſion to go, *Camillo* betrays the Confidence he repoſed in him, conſents to the Prince's Flight, and adviſes him to take Refuge in *Sicilia*, in Hopes that *Polixenes*, to whom he intended to diſcover where the Prince was gone, would follow him, and thus he might again return to his own Country.

This double Treachery and ſelf-intereſted Views are very inconſiſtent with the Character of

of ſo honeſt a Man as *Camillo* is repreſented to be; beſides the Contrivance is abſolutely ridiculous; for what Reaſon had the Prince to ſuppoſe that *Leontes*, who paſſionately deſired to be reconciled to the King his Father, whom he had ſo greatly injured, would offend him anew by protecting his Son, who had fled from him in order to marry a poor Shepherdeſs, for he could not expect the Story, however he diſguiſed it, would be long concealed from him; and why ſhould *Camillo* ſuppoſe that *Polixenes*, when he was informed of his Son's Flight, would quit his Dominions to follow him, and put his Perſon again in the Power of a King who had once deſigned to murder him: was it not more likely that he would ſend Ambaſſadors to demand the Prince of *Leontes*, who would then have an Opportunity of ſhewing if his Penitence was ſincere by ſending him back again; but *Shakeſpear* has fallen into all theſe Abſurdities in order to bring the chief Characters in his Play together at *Sicilia*, tho' for ſome of them there was not the leaſt Occaſion.

The ſeveral Incidents that lead to the Diſcovery of *Fawnia* are conducted with ſome Shadow of Probability in the Novel, but are much the worſe for *Shakeſpear*'s Alterations.

In the Novel *Capnio*, the Prince's Confidant, as he is haſtening after him to the Port, meets the Father of *Fawnia* going to Court,

and ſuſpecting his Deſign, he artfully perſuades him to follow him, and, partly by Stratagem, and partly by Force, carries him on board the Veſſel in which the Prince and *Fawnia* were embarked; the old Man had taken with him when he left his Houſe the Chain and Jewels he found with *Fawnia* in order to ſhew them to the King and relate the Manner in which he found her; but being prevented in this Deſign by *Capnio*, who obliged him to be the Companion of their Flight, he very prudently continues to conceal from *Fawnia* the Circumſtance of her Birth; and, to ſecure to himſelf a reſpectful Treatment from the Prince and her, ſuffers her ſtill to believe him her Father; but when at *Bohemia* the King of *Sicilia*'s Ambaſſadors diſcover who they are, and the old Shepherd and *Fawnia* are by the King of *Bohemia* ordered to be put to Death for deluding the Prince of *Sicily*, he then declares that *Fawnia* is not his Daughter, and produces the Chain and Jewels he found with her as Proofs that her Birth was not mean; the King at the Sight of theſe Tokens knows and acknowledges his Daughter.

Thus theſe Circumſtances are altered by *Shakeſpear*.—The Prince having changed Cloaths with a cheating Pedlar, eſcapes with his Miſtreſs to the Ship; the Pedlar immediately over-hears a Converſation between the reputed Father of *Perdita* and his Son, in which it is reſolved that he ſhall carry the Jewels to the King and declare how he found *Perdita*; the Pedlar ſuppoſing it would be an

Advantage

Advantage to the Prince to know this, decoys the old Shepherd and his Son aboard; now one would imagine that all muſt come out; but ſee what ſtrange Accidents conſpire to hinder it.

The Pedlar, though he over-heard the old Shepherd ſay that *Perdita* was a Foundling and not his Daughter, neglects to tell the Prince this important Circumſtance, though it was with that very Deſign he came and forced the two Clowns along with him.

Perdita, though her Father and Brother are in the ſame Veſſel with her, never ſees or ſpeaks to them: the old Shepherd and his Son make no Attempts to ſpeak to her; and the Prince has ſo little Conſideration for the Father and Brother of his Beloved that he takes no Notice of them; how wonderful is all this! the moſt unlikely Things imaginable all out to poſtpone the Diſcovery of *Perdita* till their Arrival at *Sicily*.

The Novel makes the Wife of the jealous King die through Affliction for the Loſs of her Son; *Shakeſpear* ſeems to have preſerved her alive for the ſake of her repreſenting her own Statue in the laſt Scene; a mean and abſurd Contrivance; for how can it be imagined that *Hermione*, a virtuous and affectionate Wife, would conceal herſelf during ſixteen Years in a ſolitary Houſe, though ſhe was ſenſible that her repentant Huſband was all that Time conſuming

ſuming away with Grief and Remorſe for her Death; and what Reaſon could ſhe have for chuſing to live in ſuch a miſerable Confinement, when ſhe might have been happy in the Poſſeſſion of her Huſband's Affection and have ſhared his Throne: how ridiculous alſo in a great Queen, on ſo interreſting an Occaſion, to ſubmit to ſuch Buffoonery as ſtanding on a Pedeſtal, motionleſs, her Eyes fixed, and at laſt to be conjured down by this magical Command of *Paulina*.

"Muſic, awake her; ſtrike;
'Tis Time, deſcend; be Stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with Marvel; Come
I'll fill your Grave; up ſtir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to Death your Numbneſs, for from him
Dear Life redeems you."

After this ſolemn Incantation, her Majeſty comes down from the Pedeſtal and embraces her Huſband, and her new found Daughter, for whoſe Sake ſhe declares ſhe had preſerved her Life.

To bring about this Scene, ridiculous as it is, *Shakeſpear* has been guilty of many Abſurdities, which would be too tedious to mention, and which are too glaring to eſcape the Obſervation of the moſt careleſs Reader.

The Novel has nothing in it half ſo low and improbable as this Contrivance of the Statue;

Statue; and indeed wherever *Shakeſpear* has altered or invented, his *Winter's Tale* is greatly inferior to the old paltry Story that furniſhed him with the Subject of it.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, in his Edition of *Shakeſpear*, has this Note at the Beginning of the *Winter Tale*.

This Country, here called *Bithynia*, hath in all former Editions been printed *Bohemia*, an inland Kingdom, ſituated nearly in the Center of *Europe*; whereas many of the great Incidents of the Play turn upon its being a maritime Country, of which *Polixenes* was the King. This is a Blunder and an Abſurdity, of which *Shakeſpear* in Juſtice ought not to be thought capable, and as he hath turned quite anew the Story contained in the old paltry Book of *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia*, changing moſt of the main Circumſtances, and all the Names of the Perſons; it is probable he removed this Impropriety, and placed the Scene in *Bithynia*, which the Ignorance and Negligence of the firſt Tranſcribers, or Printers, might corrupt and bring back again to *Bohemia*, by a leſs Variation in the Letters than they have been guilty of in numberleſs other Places of this Work.

Shakeſpear, in his Two Gentlemen of *Verona*, makes *Protheus* travel from *Verona* to *Milan* by Sea. Yet both thoſe Cities are inland, and both more than eighty Miles diſtant from the Sea. Unleſs this Blunder can be alſo charged upon the Tranſcribers, or Printers, 'tis reaſonable to ſuppoſe that *Shakeſpear*, who was guilty of the one, might be ſo of the other.

THE

THE

MENÆCHMI.

A

COMEDY of *PLAUTUS.*

Translated from the *French*

OF

Monsieur GUEUDIVILLE.

The PERSONS.

The PROLOGUE.

Menæchmus of *Epidamnum*, Son of *Moſchus* and *Theuſimarcha*, and Brother of *Soſicles*.
An old Man, Father of the Wife of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
The Wife of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*,
Erotia, the Miſtreſs of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
Phyſician.
Peniculus, Paraſite of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*,
A Servant of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
Slaves.
Cylindrus, Cook to *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, and *Erotia*.
Menæchmus Soſicles, Brother to *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
Meſſenion, Slave of *Menæchmus Soſicles*.

The EPILOGUE.

SCENE, *Epidamnum* in *Macedonia*.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

I Begin, Gentlemen, with telling you that I wiſh you all as well as myſelf; here is a Comedy of *Plautus* which I bring you, and intreat you will give it a favourable Attention; liſten now to the Subject of the Play, and be ſilent, I ſhall endeavour to compriſe it in as few Words as poſſible.

'Tis cuſtomary with Poets in their Comedies to make one believe that all paſſes at *Athens*, to the End that the Subject may appear entirely *Grecian*, and may be more eſteemed by the Spectators; as for me I ſhall not pretend to ſay that what we are going to repreſent here to Day happened in any other Place than where it really did.

The Subject of this Piece is truly *Grecian*, yet notwithſtanding that it is not *Attick*, but *Sicilian*, and what I have hitherto ſaid is only the Introduction to it.

In explaining the Argument to you I ſhall not amuſe myſelf with ſhewing you Patterns only, but preſent you with the whole Piece, for it is my Intention to be very full in the Expoſition of this Intrigue.

There

There was formerly at *Syracuſe* a good plain ſimple Man, a Merchant by Profeſſion, his Wife was delivered of two Sons at one Birth, who ſo perfectly reſembled each other, that the Nurſe who ſuckled them, and the Mother who bore them were not able to diſtinguiſh the one from the other. This I was told by a Perſon who ſaw them; for my own Part I never did ſee them, and I tell you ſo that you may not be deceived.

When theſe two Children arrived to the Age of ſeven Years, their Father took one of them with him on board a Veſſel which he had loaded with Merchandize, and carried him to *Tarentum*, whither he went to trade, leaving the other at home with his Mother.

It happened that when they arrived at *Tarentum* they were celebrating Games, which, as it is uſual with public Spectacles, drew together great Numbers of People.

The little Boy ſtraying from his Father was taken up by a Merchant of *Epidamnum*, who carried him into his own Country; the Father's Affliction for the Loſs of his Son was ſo great that it deprived him of his Senſes, and a few Days after of his Life.

This News being carried to *Syracuſe*, the Grandfather of the two Children underſtanding that one of them was taken away at *Tarentum*, and that the Father was dead, changed the Name of his Grandſon who remained with him, and gave him that of his Brother that was loſt, whom he had loved extremely and was deſirous of preſerving the Remembrance

of;

of; he called him therefore *Menæchmus*, a Name that was common to himſelf as well as to the Twins.

This Circumſtance I remember very well, having heard it proclaimed by the public Criers; and that you may avoid Miſtakes, I inform you beforehand, that theſe twin Brothers have both the ſame Name.

But I muſt now return to *Epidamnum*: Is there any one among you who has Occaſion for any Thing from that Country? If there be, he needs only to ſpeak, and command me freely; however, he muſt underſtand, that it will be neceſſary to give me Money to enable me to perform his Commiſſion; for to give me no Money would be a very great Folly, and to give me Money a ſtill greater; I return then to the Place from whence I came; nevertheleſs, I do not budge from this Spot.

This Merchant of *Epidamnum*, of whom I have ſpoken ſo much, and who took away one of the twin Brothers, had no Children, but in every Thing elſe he was very rich; he adopted therefore the ſtolen Child; bred him up as his own Son; married him to a Woman with a large Fortune; and made a Will by which he left him his whole Eſtate: One Day, when he went into the Country, it rained violently, and being obliged to paſs a very rapid River, not far from the City, the Force of the Stream carried away this Raviſher

viſher of Children, and hurried him to the Fa-
ries in Spite of his Teeth.

Behold now the young Man eſtabliſhed
Epidamnum in Poſſeſſion of a great Fortune
his Brother brought up at *Syracuſe*, is this D
arrived at *Epidamnum* with his Servant
Search of this other Brother; for this Rea-
ſon the City of *Epidamnum* will be the Scen
of this Comedy; when we play another th
Scene alſo ſhall be changed; for you know
the Subjects are not always the ſame; ſome-
times we play a Merchant of Slaves, ſome-
times a young Debauchee, ſometimes a poo
Man, a Beggar, a King, a Paraſite, or
Fortune-teller.

TH

THE MENÆCHMI of *Plautus*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PENICULUS *the Paraſite.*

THE Name of *Peniculus*, which I bear, was given me by the young People of the City, becauſe when I am at Table I know ſo well how to make it clean. Thoſe Maſters who load their fugitive Slaves with Chains, are in my Opinion guilty of great Folly; for a poor Wretch who ſees a new Evil added to thoſe he ſuffered before is but the more incited to commit new Rogueries, and to avoid Puniſhment by Flight; theſe People never fail of extricating themſelves out of Difficulties: Sometimes they force open the Lock

Lock with a File; ſometimes they break the Hinges of the Door with a Stone; all the Precautions one takes with them are uſeleſs; the beſt Way to prevent a Servant from flying, is to attach them to one's ſelf by good Nouriſhment; tye theſe Sort of Animals to a good Rack and give them Plenty of Provender, and take my Word for it they will not run away whatever Fault they have committed; they may be eaſily guarded if you make uſe of theſe Chains to retain them; the Ligaments of the Jaws are ſo pliant, that the more they are ſtretched the cloſer they may be drawn.

For a Proof of this I am going to the Houſe of *Menæchmus* to get myſelf tyed in this Manner, and voluntary ſubmit to a Sentence which has been long ago paſſed upon me; *Menæchmus* is a Man who not only feeds People well, but even gives them a new Birth and new Life; he is the firſt Man in the World for performing wonderful Cures; he is bleſt with a noble Appetite himſelf; you would ſay that each of his Repaſts is a Feaſt; ſo well he knows how to furniſh a Table; there is nothing to be ſeen on all Sides but Pyramids of Diſhes, ſo that if one wants any Thing from the other End of the Table, one is obliged to raiſe one's ſelf quite up from the Bed to reach it.

I have been many Days abſent from him, during which Time I have remained ſhut up at home with my dear little Family, for I cannot eat or drink any Thing that does not coſt me very dear, therefore I am ſometimes obliged to faſt for Want of Money: I am now going to viſit

Menæchmus—but his Door opens—'tis himſelf who is coming out.

SCENE II.

MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum. PENICULUS.

MENÆCHMUS *to his Wife (within.)*

If you were not fooliſh and unreaſonable to the laſt Degree, you wou'd not have a Mind at once ſo ſtubborn and ſo weak; it ought to be ſufficient that a Thing does not pleaſe your Huſband to make it unpleaſing alſo to you; but be aſſured, if you ever take the Liberties with me which you have juſt now done, I will ſend you back to your Father and never ſee you more: When I have an Inclination to go abroad, you always endeavour to detain me; call me back; enquire where I am going; what I intend to do; what Affairs I have to tranſact from home; what I want; what I carry out with me; what I do when I am out; in ſhort, I have a Tutor inſtead of a Wife, to whom I am obliged to give an exact Account of all my Actions: I have hitherto had too much Indulgence for you, but do not imagine I will have it for the future; when I give you in Abundance whatever you can deſire, Servants, Jewels, rich Cloaths, all your Wiſhes can aim at; you ought, if you were wiſe, to enjoy this Happineſs, and ceaſe to be continually watching your Huſband; but that you may not do it to no Purpoſe this Time, I ſhall inform you myſelf that

I deſign to have a Rendezvous with a Miſtreſs, and am now going to take her with me to Supper at an appointed Place.

PENICULUS.

This Man is perſuaded he has vexed his Wife heartily, when at the ſame Time it is I who ſuffer; for if he ſups abroad, I ſhall be diſappointed, and not his Wife.

MENÆCHMUS.

Moſt glorious Triumph! my Noiſe has obliged my Wife to retire: Where are the intriguing Huſbands? why come they not in Crouds to load me with Preſents, and congratulate me on my Dexterity in drawing myſelf out of Difficulties? I have contrived to take away this Robe from my Wife, and am going to carry it to my Miſtreſs; 'tis thus we ought to treat thoſe inquiſitive Dames who are continually prying into all our Affairs: Yes; I am ready to prove to any one who ſhall deny it, that this Exploit of mine is fine, equitable, pleaſant, and cunningly performed; at my own Expence I have robb'd one wicked Woman to make a Preſent to another who is quite as bad: I have at leaſt, however, the Glory and Pleaſure of ſpoiling my Enemies to enrich my Allies.

PENICULUS.

But pray tell me, *Menæchmus*, what Share of the Spoil have you deſtin'd for me?

Me

MENÆCHMUS.

Ah! Wretch that I am! I am loſt! I am fallen into an Ambuſcade.

PENICULUS.

No, no, quite the contrary; you have met with a Reinforcement.

MENÆCHMUS.

Who is there?

PENICULUS.

'Tis I.

MENÆCHMUS.

Oh! the moſt convenient, the moſt favourable of all my Friends! good Morrow, *Peniculus*.

PENICULUS.

Good Morrow, incomparable Patron.

MENÆCHMUS.

Well, what News haſt thou to tell me?

PENICULUS.

Delightful Meeting! I hold my tutelary Genius by the Hand.

MENÆCHMUS.

Thou could'ſt never have come more conveniently.

PENICULUS.

'Tis my Cuſtom; I never fail to preſent myſelf in the moſt ſeaſonable Moments.

MENÆCHMUS.

Are you deſirous of hearing a noble Exploit?

PENICULUS.

Who is the Cook that has prepared the Meats? Shew me, if you pleaſe, what remains, I ſhall then be able to judge if he has ſucceeded well or ill.

MENÆCHMUS.

Tell me, haſt thou never ſeen painted in *Freſco* upon Walls the Rape of *Ganymede* by the Eagle of *Jupiter*, who was in Love with the fair Boy; or that of the charming *Adonis* by *Venus* whoſe Heart he had conquered?

PENICULUS.

One ſees nothing elſe every where; but pray what are theſe Pictures to me? Alas! theſe Things are the leaſt of my Concerns.

MENÆCHMUS.

Look on me well; whom do you think I perfectly reſemble?

PENICULUS.

What Sort of Dreſs is this that you appear in?

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

Confeſs to me that my Mien is excellent, and that in this Dreſs I appear to great Advantage.

PENICULUS.

Where ſhall we ſup?

MENÆCHMUS.

Anſwer my Queſtion firſt.

PENICULUS.

You are in the Right, therefore I ſay you are one of the handſomeſt Men in the World.

MENÆCHMUS.

Haſt thou not Courage enough to add ſomething of thine own?

PENICULUS.

Certainly, I ſay then, that you are a moſt agreeable Man.

MENÆCHMUS.

Go on, go on.

PENICULUS.

No, by my Faith, I will not go on unleſs you tell me the Matter. Oh! well thought on, you have quarrelled with your Wife, pray tell me the Occaſion of your Diſpute.

MENÆCHMUS.

Where ſhall we find a Sepulchre, where, unknown to my Wife, we may bury the Day in ſupping voluptuouſly?

PENICULUS.

Let us go then, nothing can be better ſpoken, we will light the Funeral Pile wherever you pleaſe; there is no Time to be loſt, for the Day is already half dead.—

MENÆCHMUS.

But while thou trifleſt away the Time in ſpeaking to me, thy own Happineſs is delayed, ought not the Pile to be already on Fire?

PENICULUS.

Menæchmus, thruſt out this Eye, tho' it is the only one I have, I am ſo preſt with Hunger that I will not open my Mouth to ſpeak a ſingle Word unleſs you command me.

MENÆCHMUS.

Come farther from my Door?

PENICULUS.

I obey.

MENÆCHMUS.

Come yet nearer to me?

PENICULUS.

Moſt willingly.

MENÆCHMUS.

How hard it is to make thee leave that Side? Retire, I ſay to thee, from the Den of that Lion.

PENICULUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux!* I think you would make an excellent Jockey, a dextrous Leader of Horſes.

MENÆCHMUS.

Why pray?

PENICULUS.

You look back every Moment to ſee if your Wife does not follow you.

MENÆCHMUS.

What is that thou ſay'ſt?

PENICULUS.

Me, Sir! I ſay whatever you pleaſe; to all your Affirmatives, I ſay, Yes; to all your Negatives I ſay, No. I have the Honour to be your Eccho, both pro and con.

MENÆCHMUS.

When thou ſmelleſt any Thing, art thou able to gueſs what Sort of Odour it is that affects thy Senſe? haſt thou a delicate Noſe?

PENICULUS.

Ah! in ſuch a Caſe I my ſingle Self can divine better than the whole College of Augurs together.

MENÆCHMUS.

Well, then, apply thy Noſtrils to this Robe, which I carry under my Cloak: Smell it as thou ſhouldſt; well what Scent has it? why do'ſt thou pauſe?

PENICULUS.

One muſt ſmell the top of a Woman's Habit, for it is from that Place the Noſe is affected with a Scent one can never get rid of afterwards.

MENÆCHMUS.

Pleaſant *Peniculus*, ſmell it here then? why doſt thou turn aſide?

PENICULUS.

Not without Reaſon, faith.

MENÆCHMUS.

What Reaſon? what does it ſmell of—Anſwer me.

PENICULUS.

It ſmells of three Things at once, Theft, a Whore, and a ſumptuous Repaſt.

MENÆCHMUS.

I am going from hence to carry it to *Erotia*, my Miſtreſs, and will order her at the ſame Time to get a Supper prepared for herſelf, for thee, and me, and when we are ſeated at Table, we will protract the Debauch even till the riſing of the Morning Sta.

PENICULUS.

PENICULUS.

You ſpeak like an Oracle! ſhall I knock at the Door?

MENÆCHMUS.

Knock—but ſtay—ſtay a little.

PENICULUS.

S'death Sir, how long will you delay the ſublime Pleaſure of eating and drinking?

MENÆCHMUS.

Knock then—but knock ſoftly.

PENICULUS.

Sure you think that this Door is made of Glaſs.

MENÆCHMUS.

Hold—hold I conjure you by *Hercules*; ſee my Charmer herſelf, comes out of her Houſe to meet us.———

PENICULUS.

Look one Moment at the Sun I beſeech you, ſee how the Luſtre of that glorious Luminary is obſcured in the Preſence of this divine Perſon.

SCENE III.

EROTIA, PENICULUS, and MENÆCHMUS.

EROTIA.

Good-morrow *Menæchmus*, my deareſt and moſt valued Lover.

PENICULUS.

And pray what am I?

EROTIA.

You are not one of my Troop.

PENICULUS.

Treat me at leaſt as a Soldier in the Corps de Reſerve, who is in Time to fill up the Place of another.

MENÆCHMUS.

Give Orders to have every Thing made ready for the Battle I deſign to have to Day at your Houſe?

EROTIA.

I ſhall not fail.

MENÆCHMUS.

He and I will drink valiantly in this Battle; thou ſhalt judge which of us two Soldiers ſhews moſt Courage in emptying the Glaſſes; for it belongs to thee, as our General, to conduct the Army; conſider alſo with what Champion thou wilt enter the Liſts this Night. Ah! my Love, how I hate my Wife when I look upon thee, ſhe becomes inſupportable to me.

EROTIA.

Nevertheleſs you cannot refrain from having ſomething of hers about you, nay, you even wear her Cloaths. What Ornament is this pray that you wear on your Body?

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

It formerly belonged to my Wife, but now 'tis thine, my fair one.

EROTIA.

If you go on at this Rate, my Love, you will certainly march at the Head of my amorous Troop, and be preferred to all thoſe to whom I ſell my pleaſurable Nights.

PENICULUS.

A Curtezan, when ſhe ſees the Prey ready to fall into her Hands, will not give herſelf Time to flatter and careſs; but if you loved *Menæchmus*, Madam, you would already have ſnatched away half of his Noſe with the Eagerneſs of your Kiſſes.

MENÆCHMUS.

Hold my Cloak, *Peniculus*, while I perform the Vow I have made, and conſecrate theſe Spoils to my Goddeſs.

PENICULUS.

Give it me, but before you pull off the Robe, let us ſee you dance in it as I do, dance I conjure you in the Name of the great *Hercules!*

MENÆCHMUS.

Me, doſt thou bid dance. By the ſaid great *Hercules!* I believe thou art mad.

PENICULUS.

If I am mad, certainly you are not much

wiſer; however pull off the Robe then, ſince you will not dance.

MENÆCHMUS.

I have ſtolen this Robe to Day, but not without expoſing myſelf to great Danger; *Hercules*, in my Opinion, undertook a leſs hazardous Enterprize when he forced the Girdle from *Hippolita*, the Queen of the *Amazons*, than I did in robbing my Wife of this Habit, receive it from my Hands, my dear *Erotia*, 'tis yours, and you deſerve it, ſince you are the only Woman in the World that has that Sweetneſs and Complacency, which I expect in the Perſon I love; 'tis thus that thoſe whoſe Hearts are truly ſubjected ought to make known their Tenderneſs for the beloved Object.

PENICULUS.

Yes, thoſe who deſire to ruin themſelves, and ride Poſt to the Hoſpital and Beggary.

MENÆCHMUS.

'Tis a Year ſince I bought this Robe for my Wife, it coſt me four Minæ.

PENICULUS.

And ſo there are four Minæ thrown away.

MENÆCHMUS.

Doſt thou know my Charmer what I expect from thee.

EROTIA.

Tell me, and your Will ſhall be exactly performed.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

Give Orders then for a great Repaſt to be prepared at thy Houſe, there will be only us three, do not delay to ſend to the Market, for whatever can be found there the moſt delicate, but above all don't forget to have ſome Pigs Cheeks, a Ham, a Lamb's Head, and Hogs Puddings, and ſuch other delicious Meats, as may when well ſeaſoned excite a voracious Appetite. But the Buſineſs muſt be done immediately.

EROTIA.

By *Venus* there ſhall be nothing wanting, depend upon it you ſhall have all you deſire.

MENÆCHMUS.

We will go to the public Square, we will not ſtay long, and at our Return we will ſeek in the Bottle for Patience till Dinner is ready.

EROTIA.

Return when you pleaſe, my Love, you ſhall find every Thing ready.

MENÆCHMUS.

Let it be done then with all poſſible Diligence—Will you come *Peniculus* ?

PENICULUS.

That I will by *Hercules !* I will follow you, I will accompany you, I will watch you carefully, I would not leave you a Moment for the World.

World. What a Fool ſhou'd I be if I did, when the Fortune of a God awaits me.

EROTIA.

Who is there, ſome of you bid *Cylindrus*, my Cook, come hither—There is not a Moment to loſe, do you hear there.

SCENE IV.

EROTIA, CYLINDRUS.

EROTIA.

Take a Baſket and ſome Money, thou haſt three Crowns, haſt thou not?

CYLINDRUS.

Yes, Madam, I have.

EROTIA.

Go then to Market, and buy proviſion to make an excellent Repaſt; but without Prodigality, I tell you before hand there are but three.

CYLINDRUS.

With Submiſſion, Madam, who are theſe three?

EROTIA.

Menæchmus, his Paraſite, and me.

CYLINDRUS.

You increaſe the Number by ſeven, for the Paraſite himſelf will eat as much as eight Perſons, ſo I reckon there will be ten at Table.

EROTIA.

EROTIA.

I have named the Gueſts, do you take Care of the reſt.

CYLINDRUS.

Look upon all as already done, you may ſit down to Table when you will.

EROTIA.

Don't trifle away the Time.

CYLINDRUS.

I will return in a Moment.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENION his Slave.

MENÆCHMUS.

IN my Opinion, my dear *Meſſenion*, theſe Seafearing Men know no greater Pleaſure in the World than when after a long Voyage, they firſt diſcover Land.

MESSENION.

With Submiſſion, Sir, I think the Pleaſure is ſtill more ſenſibly felt by thoſe who after a tedious Abſence from their own Country behold again the well known Port, and are ready to touch the Shore: But tell me, I beſeech you, Sir, what are we come to do here at *Epidamnum*, are you reſolved to imitate the Sea, and go round all the Iſlands?

MENÆCHMUS.

We are come hither in Search of a Brother, a Twin Brother, whom I look upon as one half of myſelf.

MES-

MESSENION.

But what do you imagine will be the Iſſue of this Search, 'tis now ſix Years ſince we have wandered on the Sea in a vain Expectation of finding him; we have ſailed round all *Iſtria*, *Spain*, the Country of the *Maſſilia* and *Illyria*, we have overrun all the *Adriatic* Sea, *barbarous Greece*, and all the Coaſts of *Italy* that are waſhed by the Ocean? Had we been ſeeking for a Needle in a Bundle of Hay we ſhould have found it by this Time, provided it was not inviſible. In vain do we hope to find a dead Man amongſt the Living, for if he were ſtill in Being, ſhou'd we not have met with ſome one e'er now who cou'd have given ſome Intelligence of him?

MENÆCHMUS.

I am determin'd never to give over my Search till I have found my Brother, or met with ſome Perſon, who having known him, can certainly inform me that he is dead. This pining Anxiety will then be at an End, and I will return to *Syracuſe*; but till I have that Satisfaction, while Life animates this Body I will not ceaſe to wander about the World, and ſeek him every where; too ſenſibly do I feel the Force of fraternal Affection to quit eaſily the Hope of ſeeing my Brother again.

MESSENION.

Truly, Sir, you deſire what can never poſſibly happen; in good Faith we wou'd do much better to return home, unleſs you deſign to write a Hiſtory of the whole Earth.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

No more of theſe ſatyrical Speeches, good Sir, but beware of drawing my Anger upon thee, and do not imagine thou can'ſt oblige me by thy Importunities to follow thy impertinent Councils.

MESSENION.

How well, Sir, do you remind me that I am a Slave, you have ſaid a great deal in very few Words, nothing cou'd be more clearly expreſt, nevertheleſs it cannot prevent me from telling you my Thoughts.

Vouchſafe, Sir, to favour me with a Moment's Attention. When I examine our Purſe, when I count the Pieces that are in it, by my Faith, Sir, I find we have not ſufficient to maintain us much longer; 'tis light, very light by *Hercules!* Therefore if you do not make Haſte home 'tis probable you may ſoon ſee it empty, and inſtead of finding your Brother, you will yourſelf fall into the Jaws of Neceſſity and Miſery. For you muſt know, Sir, the People of *Epidamnum* practiſe but little the Virtue of Hoſpitality; they are a voluptuous People, and immoderately addicted to Drinking. This City is full of Slanderers and Flatterers, Men without Juſtice and Probity; there are here alſo a great Number of Courtezans, who, as 'tis ſaid, are the moſt alluring, and moſt dangerous of all that ever practiſed the Trade. In a Word, this City is called *Epidamnum* for this Reaſon, that every Stranger who enters it is damned.

ME

MENÆCHMUS.

'Tis fit then that I ſhou'd be cautious, and look about me. Give me my Purſe?

MESSENION.

What will you do with it?

MENÆCHMUS.

What you have juſt now ſaid fills me with Fear.

MESSENION.

And what is it you fear pray?

MENÆCHMUS.

That you may play me ſome damned Trick in *Epidamnum*, for I know thou art a great Debauchee, *Meſſenion*, and art curſedly fond of Women. Now I am eaſily excited to Anger, and in thoſe Moments I am no longer Maſter of myſelf. Therefore by keeping my Money in my own Poſſeſſion, I ſhall guard againſt two Inconveniencies. Thou wilt not have it in thy Power to be guilty of any Extravagances, and conſequently I ſhall not have any Cauſe to be angry with thee.

MESSENION.

Very well, Sir, there is your Purſe, keep it yourſelf, that I may be as chaſte as a Veſtal, and you as peaceable as a Lamb.

SCENE

SCENE II.

CYLINDRUS, MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENION.

CYLINDRUS.

I have bought Proviſion ſufficient to make an excellent Repaſt for my three Gueſts, a Repaſt worthy of my ſuperior Skill in Cookery, but what do I ſee! *Menæchmus* at our Door already, woe to my poor Shoulders! the Eaters are ready to ſet down to Table before I am returned from Market with the Victuals that I am to dreſs for them, I muſt ſpeak to him? Good-morrow Mr. *Menæchmus*.

MENÆCHMUS.

Now the Gods bleſs thee, Fellow, doſt thou know me?

CYLINDRUS.

Know you, Sir! a pleaſant Queſtion by *Hercules!* where are your Companions?

MENÆCHMUS.

My Companions, whom doſt thou mean Friend?

CYLINDRUS.

Your Paraſite, for Example.

MENÆCHMUS.

My Paraſite, the Fellow is certainly mad.

MES-

MESSENION.

Did I not tell you, Sir, this City was full of Sharpers?

MENÆCHMUS.

Pray, young Man, who is this Paraſite thou talkeſt of?

CYLINDRUS.

Peniculus.

MESSENION.

* Oh! I have it here ſafe in my Portmantua.

CYLINDRUS.

You come in good Time, Sir, for Dinner, I am juſt returned from the Market, where I have bought what will make a delicious Repaſt.

MENÆCHMUS.

Anſwer me, young Man, at what Price do they ſell here the white Hogs that are deſtined for Sacrifices?

CYLINDRUS.

They are a Crown a Piece.

* *Cylindrus* is ſurprized at not ſeeing the Paraſite, *Peniculus*, with *Menæchmus*, whom he takes for the *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, and aſks where he is, *Meſſenion* replies, he has it ſafe in his Portmantua: The Equivocation is pleaſant enough, *Cylindrus* ſpeaks of a Man, *Meſſenion* affects to believe he means a Bruſh, for that Inſtrument was in *Latin* call'd, *Peniculus*, from *Penè*, or *Cauda*, a Tail, it being generally made of one.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

See, here is a Crown, which I will give thee on Condition that thou wilt purchaſe with it one of thoſe Hogs, and let it be offered for thy Cure; for whoever thou art, 'tis certain thou art mad to importune in this Manner, a Man with whom thou art not acquainted.

CYLINDRUS.

I am *Cylindrus*, don't you know my Name?

MENÆCHMUS.

What is thy Name to me, go about thy Buſineſs, I ſolemnly declare I know thee not, and what is more, I do not deſire to know thee.

CYLINDRUS.

However, Sir, I have the Honour to know you, your Name is *Menæchmus*, I think?

MENÆCHMUS.

Ay, now thou ſpeakeſt like a Man in thy Senſes, that is indeed my Name, but where is it thou haſt ſeen me before?

CYLINDRUS.

Ah! mighty well, where have I ſeen you, you who are a Lover of *Erotia*, my fair Miſtreſs.

MENAECHMUS.

By *Hercules* I am not in Love with any Woman, nor do I know who thou art.

CYLIN

CYLINDRUS.

Strange! how can you ſay ſo? is it not I who ſo often fill your Glaſs when you are merry at our Houſe.

MESSENION.

Oh! that I had a good Cudgel in my Hand that I might break the Head of this Fellow.

MENAECHMUS.

And ſo you often fill my Glaſs you ſay, I who am but this Moment arrived at *Epidamnum*, and was never here before in my Life.

CYLINDRUS.

Is it poſſible you can with a good Conſcience deny what I ſay?

MENAECHMUS.

Deny it! yes, by *Hercules!* do I.

CYLINDRUS.

And perhaps you will deny alſo that that Houſe yonder is not yours, and that you do not actually dwell in it?

MENAECHMUS.

May the Gods confound all the Males and Females that dwell in it, I ſay.

CYLINDRUS.

Certainly this Gentleman's Brain is cracked, or he would not curſe himſelf in this terrible Manner? hark, Sir,

ME-

MENAECHMUS.

What woud'ſt thou?

CYLINDRUS.

Take my Word for it, Sir, your Brain is a little diſordered, you would do well with that Crown you promiſed me ſome Time ago, to buy a Hog for an expiatory Sacrifice for yourſelf, for by *Hercules!* Mr. *Menæchmus*, you are certainly under the Influence of an evil Spirit, to curſe thus, and ſport with the Anger of the Gods.

MENAECHMUS.

Deteſtable Raſcal, how he plagues me!

CYLINDRUS.

Ha! faith he is in one of his pleaſant Humours, he often jeſts and diverts himſelf with me, for provided his Wife be not with him, he is always in good Spirits, and rallies incomparably.

MENAECHMUS.

What is that thou ſay'ſt?

CYLINDRUS.

Faith I know not what to ſay, you puzzle me ſo confoundedly, here, look into this Baſket if you pleaſe, Sir, do you think I have bought Proviſion ſufficient for you three, will what I have here make a Repaſt good enough for you, your Paraſite, and your Miſtreſs.

Mr.

MENAECHMUS.

What Paraſite, what Miſtreſs do you talk of, Fellow?

MESSENION.

What Fury excites thee to torment this Gentleman as thou doſt?

CYLINDRUS.

Pray what Buſineſs have you with me? I know not who you are, ſuffer me to ſpeak, without being interrupted by you, to this Gentleman, whom I know very well, and to whom I have the Honour to be known.

MENAECHMUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux!* Fellow, thou art mad, I know not if thou wert always ſo, but at preſent thou art abſolutely mad, that's certain.

CYLINDRUS.

Good Sir, jeſt no longer, I beſeech you, I am going to dreſs all theſe good Things, and put them by an excellent Seaſoning into a fit State to be devoured. I aſſure you, Sir, all ſhall be ready in a little Time, therefore do not go far from the Door, but walk here near the Fumes of the Kitchen. Have you any Commands to your Venus?

MENAECHMUS.

I command thee to go hang thyſelf?

CYLINDRUS.

But by *Hercules!* I think you would do better to come in, and ſeat yourſelf at Table, and drink a few Bumpers while I prepare your Dinner, pray do Sir.—Nay, if you won't I can't help it.—I'll go in myſelf and inform Madam *Erotia* that you are here, perhaps ſhe will prevail upon you to come into the Houſe and divert yourſelf; you will paſs your Time much better there than here.

MENAECHMUS.

I am at laſt delivered from this Madman, by *Pollux*, this Beginning ſeems to be no bad Proof of what you told me of theſe Impoſtors of *Epidamnum*.

MESSENION.

Be upon your Guard then, Sir, 'tis abſolutely neceſſary, for by what I can underſtand from this Fool, the Miſtreſs he talks of is certainly a Courtezan.

MENAECHMUS.

But how ſhould he know my Name, I am really ſurprized at it?

MESSENION.

By *Hercules* there is nothing ſurprizing in it; you are not acquainted with the Arts of theſe Courtezans; when any foreign Veſſels arrive, they ſend their Slaves to the Port to obſerve the Paſſengers that come aſhore, when they ſee a young Man who ſeems fit for their Purpoſe

Purpoſe they enquire his Name, his Family, and Country; they accoſt him, flatter, and ſooth him, and draw him ſo dextrouſly into their Snares, that he is loſt in Love before he enters the City: Ah! Sir, we are certainly attacked by a pirate Veſſel, of which we have good Reaſon to be afraid.

MENAECHMUS.

By *Jupiter* thy Advice ſeems to be juſt and reaſonable.

MESSENION.

I ſhall be convinced that you think ſo, if I ſee you take all thoſe neceſſary and prudent Meaſures, which may prevent your daſhing yourſelf againſt this dangerous Rock.

MENAECHMUS.

Favour me with a Moment's Silence I beſeech you, the Door opens, let us ſee who comes out?

MESSENION.

With your Leave then, I will diſcharge myſelf of this heavy Burden, here you Rowers, who are the Feet of your Veſſels, take it to your Care.

SCENE III.

EROTIA, CYLINDRUS, MENAECHMUS SOCICLES, MESSENION.

EROTIA. *Speaking to her Servants within.*

Leave the Door open, go, I do not want

your Attendance, take Care to make every Thing ready within Doors; you *Cylindrus*, perform your Part well, and you Girls, prepare the Couches for the Table, burn the Perfumes, that my Lovers may be diſſolved in Luxury and Eaſe, and nothing may be wanting to compleat the Voluptuouſneſs of the Feaſt. Magnificence and Pleaſures ruin our Gallants, but enrich us. But where is this teizing Man, who my Cook tells me is walking before my Door: Oh! I ſee him, the moſt generous, the moſt agreeable of all my Lovers, how much am I obliged to him for the Preſents he is continually beſtowing on me, I will treat him as I ought, with all the Diſtinction due to his Merit, and give him the Preference to all my other Lovers, 'tis fit I accoſt and ſpeak to him firſt. My Love, what doſt thou here? why doſt not come into my Houſe? thou who art more welcome to it than to thine own, nay, 'tis more thine than mine, for thou art Maſter both of it and me; every Thing is ready according to thy Order, all is prepared, every Wiſh ſhall be gratified, Dinner is ſerved, there is nothing to hinder thee from placing thyſelf at Table.

MENAECHMUS.

To whom does this Woman think ſhe is ſpeaking?

EROTIA.

Certainly to you, my Dear.

MENAECHMUS.

Have we ever had the leaſt Occaſion to ſpeak to each other before, pray where did our Acquaintance firſt commence?

EROTIA.

Venus, my tutelary Deity, deſirous of making me happy, brought thee firſt in my Way, thee whom I love more than the whole Race of Mankind beſides, and by the Temple of *Caſtor*, in preferring thee to all other Men, I do thee but Juſtice, for 'tis to thy Liberalities alone that I am indebted for all the Pleaſures I enjoy.

MENAECHMUS.

Certainly, *Meſſenion*, this Woman is either mad, or her Senſes much diſordered by Wine, that without knowing me, or having ever ſeen me before, ſhe ſpeaks to me as to the beſt Friend ſhe has in the World.

MESSENION.

Did I not foretel all this wou'd happen, Sir? ah! I knew it well, there is nothing more common here, 'tis the Leaves only at preſent which are falling on you, but if we ſtay here three Days longer, mark my Prediction, you will be cruſh'd by the Trees themſelves. The Courtezans in this City have a wonderful Addreſs, a charming Dexterity in emptying Purſes, but with your Leave I'll venture to attack her myſelf. Good-morrow, Madam, will you permit me to ſpeak a few Words to you?

EROTIA.

Very willingly, what have you to ſay to me?

MESSENION,

I deſire much to know where you have been acquainted with this Gentleman?

EROTIA.

Here at *Epidamnum*, we have been long acquainted.

MESSENION.

At *Epidamnum*, you ſay you have been long acquainted with him, but how in the Name of the Furies can this be? ſince he but this Day arrived at *Epidamnum*, and was never here before.

EROTIA.

Pooh, this is only to divert yourſelf, we will purſue this Jeſt within. Come, my dear *Menæchmus*, let us go into the Houſe, we ſhall be more at our Eaſe there.

MENAECHMUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux* this Woman knows my Name! I am aſtoniſh'd, how cou'd this happen?

MESSENION.

The Trull has a good Noſe, ſhe has ſmelt your Purſe already, you ſhou'd have left it to my Care.

ME-

MENAECHMUS.

Faith thou art in the right, I have been guilty of great Folly in taking the Charge of the Money upon myſelf, here take it again, and now I ſhall ſee whether the Purſe or my Perſon is the Object of her Love.

EROTIA.

Come my Love, let us go in, the Repaſt is ready?

MENAECHMUS.

Certainly no Invitation was ever more agreeable; however, Madam, be pleaſed to accept my Thanks for your kind Offer, and diſpence with me from accepting of it.

EROTIA.

Since it is ſo, why did you order a great Repaſt to be prepared?

MENAECHMUS.

I! have I order'd it?

EROTIA.

Yes, you; nothing is more certain than that you ordered a delicate Repaſt for yourſelf and your Paraſite.

MENAECHMUS.

What Paraſite? s'death, how the Woman raves!

EROTIA.

Your Paraſite, *Peniculus*.

MENAECHMUS.

Who is this *Peniculus*, this Spunge, this Bruſh to clean Shoes?

EROTIA.

I proteſt you counterfeit Ignorance perfectly well; this *Peniculus* then is one who affords you a great deal of Amuſement; this *Peniculus* is in Body and Soul the ſame identical Perſon that was with you when you brought me the Robe that you had ſecretly ſtolen from your Wife.

MENAECHMUS.

Very convincing, by *Jupiter*, what will ſhe not invent at laſt! ſo I have robb'd my Wife of a Robe and preſented it to you; ſeriouſly, Madam, your Head is a little touch'd, or like a Gelding, you ſleep ſtanding.

EROTIA.

What Pleaſure can you find in making me your Jeſt? will you pretend to deny what paſs'd before as many Witneſſes as are preſent at this Inſtant?

MENAECHMUS.

Explain yourſelf more clearly, what is it that I deny?

EROTIA.

That you have given me to Day a Robe of your Wife's.

Mr-

MENAECHMUS.

And that I deny again, and will always deny it, I never had a Wife, and Thanks to the Gods, I have none at preſent. I never in my whole Life entered any Houſe in *Epidamnum*; I never was in the City, I have dined in my Ship, and was but juſt come on Shore when I met you here.

EROTIA.

Oh! *Venus*, how wretched am I! what Ship do you ſpeak of?

MENÆCHMUS.

A Ship made of Wood, which for a long Time has been under Sail. Sails, caſts Anchor, is refitted, and has received many Blows with a Hammer; 'tis exactly like the Working Place of a Skinner, one Stake ſtands near another.

EROTIA.

Ceaſe to torment me with this idle Raillery, come in I conjure thee, I begin to grow impatient, no more of this Jeſt, but give me your Hand and come in with me.

MENÆCHMUS.

Believe me, Madam, I'm not the Perſon whom you ſeek, you take me for another.

EROTIA.

Do I not know you well? are you not *Menæchmus*, the Son of *Moſchus?* is it not

ſaid that you was born at *Syracuſe*, in *Sicily*? where *Agathocles* reign'd, after him *Pinthia*, then *Linaro*, who at his Death left the Kingdom to *Hicron*, who is now upon the Throne.

MENÆCHMUS.

All this, Madam, is very true.

MESSENION.

Oh! *Jupiter*, this Woman certainly came from your Country, ſhe knows you ſo perfectly.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* I cannot contradict, or refuſe her any longer.

MESSENION.

Ah! Sir, what do I hear? take Care how you give Way to this Inclination, if you once enter her Houſe you are a loſt Man.

MENÆCHMUS.

I will not let ſo favourable an Occaſion eſcape me, be ſilent then I command thee, I am reſolved to acquieſce in all ſhe ſays; there is no great Matter in lying a little when it will procure me a good Inn, where the Entertainment ſhall coſt me nothing. Madam, I have oppoſed every Thing you ſaid a long Time, but it was through Fear that my Servant wou'd diſcover the Affair of the Robe and Repaſt to my Wife; now, if you pleaſe, I will go in with you.

EROTIA.

EROTIA.

I am ſatisfied, and pardon you for your Malice in tormenting me thus long. But tell me, do you wait here for your Paraſite?

MENÆCHMUS.

I do not wait for him, I have no Inclination to ſee him, and if he comes I ſhou'd be glad you wou'd not permit him to enter.

EROTIA.

By *Venus!* I'll obey you willingly, but I have one Favour to intreat of you?

MENÆCHMUS.

Speak, my Queen, command me freely, what is it you wou'd have me do?

EROTIA.

I wou'd have this fine Robe you have given me, carried to the Workman to be made fit for my Shape, and to have ſome little Ornaments of my own Taſte and Invention added to it.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* the Deſign is excellent, go, my Dear, I ſee you don't want Prudence; the Robe will by this means appear entirely new, and if even my Wife ſhou'd ſee it ſhe will not be able to know it again.

EROTIA.

Oblige me then by taking it to the Work-

man yourſelf when you go from hence, you promiſe me to do ſo, don't you, my Love?

MENÆCHMUS.

Look upon it as already done, I give thee my Word of Love to perform it.

EROTIA.

Let us go in then.

MENÆCHMUS.

Do then, ſtep in my Fair, I'll follow thee immediately, I muſt ſpeak one Word to my Servant. *Meſſenion*—come hither.

MESSENION.

Your Pleaſure, Sir?

MENÆCHMUS.

Softly, I have a Deſire to know?

MESSENION.

What?

MENÆCHMUS.

I muſt.

MESSENION.

What muſt you?

MENÆCHMUS.

The Buſineſs is begun.

MESSENION.

What Buſineſs?

Mr-

MENÆCHMUS.

Well, well, I know thou woud'ſt be giving me Advice.

MESSENION.

And I know you value it but little.

MENÆCHMUS.

The Beaſt is taken I tell thee, I hold my Prey in my Hand, how dexterouſly have I managed her? I am going to give a Looſe to Mirth, in the mean Time thou and thy Companions go to ſome Inn, and before Night return and fetch me.

MESSENION.

Ah, Sir! you know not theſe Courtezans, believe me, you wou'd do much better to follow my Council.

MENÆCHMUS.

Be ſilent, I ſay to thee, if I am guilty of any Folly 'tis my Self that will ſuffer, this is no Buſineſs of thine, by what I have obſerved this Woman is very ſilly, and eaſily impoſed upon, 'tis ſhe, and not I that will be the Dupe.

MESSENION.

Ah! I die, he is loſt.

MENÆCHMUS.

Why doſt thou not go?

MESSENION.

I fly Sir? Ah! my Maſter is plunging himſelf into an Abyſs, from whence he will never come out; 'tis ſo, the Pirate's Veſſel carries off our Barque at laſt, but I am a Fool to pretend to govern my Maſter—Have I forgot my Duty, he bought me for his Slave, not for his Governor, let me remember that, follow me Boys, I muſt come back in good Time to fetch my Maſter.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

PENICULUS.

DURING theſe thirty Years, which I have lived, I have never been guilty of ſo wicked, ſo unhappy an Action as this Day; my cruel Deſtiny led me into an Aſſembly, where, while I loſt my Time in gaping and ſtaring about me, *Menæchmus* eſcaped me. Ah! without Doubt he is gone to the Houſe of his Miſtreſs, and was not willing that I ſhou'd accompany him, and be a Witneſs of his Pleaſures: May the Gods pour down their fierceſt Wrath upon him who firſt introduced Aſſemblies, and thereby hindered People who have important Affairs upon their Hands from purſuing their Buſineſs. Aſſemblies ought only to be compoſed of indolent and idle Perſons, ſuch ought to be ſummoned to appear, and when they don't obey, be puniſhed by large Fines. A great many of the Inhabitants of this City eat always alone, and in private. Citizens, wholly uſeleſs to their Country, who have

have never performed the leaſt Service to the Commonwealth, mean ſordid Wretches, that invite no Perſon to their Table, and are never invited to others. Such as theſe ought regularly to aſſiſt at Aſſemblies and public Meetings.

If this excellent Order, this uſeful Cuſtom had been obſerved, I ſhou'd not to Day have had the Misfortune of loſing ſo plentiful and delicious a Repaſt, for I am as well aſſured that *Menæchmus* had once a Deſign to treat me this Day, as I am among the Number of the Living. However I will go to him as late as it is, I have always Hopes of finding ſome Remains of the Feaſt; this Thought alone conſoles me, and raiſes my depreſs'd Spirits; but is not that *Menæchmus* himſelf that I ſee? he is coming out with a Crown of Flowers on his Head, ah! miſerable that I am, the Feaſt is finiſh'd, they are riſen from Table, by all the Furies! I am come too late.

SCENE II.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, PENICULUS.

MENÆCHMUS.

If I bring you back to Day your Robe fitted to your Shape, and adorned as you deſire, will you be contented, my Charmer? I will have it done in ſuch a Manner that you yourſelf ſhall not be able to know it again.

PE-

PENICULUS.

So, ſo, he is going to carry the Robe to the Workman after having filled himſelf well with Meat and Wine, without giving the poor Paraſite his Share; by *Hercules!* I will forfeit my illuſtrious Name, I will ceaſe to be myſelf rather than not demand the Cauſe of this Affront, and gratify my Vengeance on the Author of it; here will I watch the Motions of my new Enemy, and when I have penetrated into his Deſigns I will accoſt him, and have a Conference with him.

MENÆCHMUS.

Ye Gods! who cannot die, although ſometimes ye deſire Death: Immortal Gods! is there a Man in the World on whom in one Day you have conferred ſo many Benefits, and who expected them ſo little? I have eaten of moſt delicious Fare, I have drank plentifully, and what is ſtill better, I have poſſeſſed a charming *Courtezan*, and to compleat my good Fortune, I carry away with me a rich Robe, which *Erotia* wou'd have done well to have given me to remember her by, for by the Faith of an honeſt Man ſhe ſhall never ſee it again.

PENICULUS.

How ſecurely the Gentleman diſburthens his Heart of its Gaiety! and now that his Belly is full, without doubt he diverts himſelf at my Expence, and laughs in his Sleeve at the

the Faſt I have kept, while he was indulging himſelf over his good Cheer.

MENÆCHMUS.

She pretends that I have given her this fine Robe, and that I ſtole it from my Wife, I wou'd not undeceive her, but began to flatter and careſs her as if I had been the moſt paſſionate of her Lovers, I agreed to all ſhe ſaid, anſwered Yes, or No, as ſhe pleaſed, in ſhort I was never more ſplendidly, more voluptuouſly entertained in my Life.

PENICULUS.

Oh! I can no longer contain myſelf, I muſt ſpeak to him.

MENÆCHMUS.

Who is this Man that comes to meet me?

PENICULUS.

What can you ſay for yourſelf, light, wavering, and inconſtant Man? tell me, oh, moſt wicked, moſt villainous, moſt deceitful, moſt contemptible of all Mortals, what Crime have I been guilty of towards thee, that thou ſhouldſt thus barbarouſly rob me of Life! how cou'd you leave me ſo baſely in the public Square, and in my Abſence bury a large Repaſt in your gluttonous Maw? how have you dared to commit ſuch daring Injuſtice? for can you deny that a Share of this Feaſt was not my lawful Inheritance?

Me-

MENÆCHMUS.

What is the meaning of this Outrage, young Man? what Buſineſs have you ever had with me? and why do you load with ſuch injurious Reproaches a Man entirely unknown to you? do you want to oblige me to pay you for the ill Names you have called me with as many good Blows with my Cudgel?

PENICULUS.

You have done me more Miſchief already than if you had beaten me.

MENÆCHMUS.

By your Leave, young Man, what is your Name, I have a great Curioſity to know it?

PENICULUS.

What Joke is this, to pretend to be ignorant of my Name, has our Acquaintance then commenced but this Moment?

MENÆCHMUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux* this is the firſt Time I ever ſaw you, at leaſt for what I know, but certain I am that I have no Acquaintance with you; but whoever you are for your own Sake ceaſe your injurious Language, and torment me no longer with your miſtaken Reproaches.

PENICULUS.

Dare you thus confidently deny that you know me?

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

If I do know you, what Reaſon can I have to deny it?

PENICULUS.

Ah! *Menæchmus*, awake from this Dream, and recall your Senſes?

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules* I think I am awake, and I have all the Senſes that I received from Nature.

PENICULUS.

Is it poſſible that you don't know your Paraſite?

MENAECHMUS.

You are mad, young Man, ſtark mad, by *Jupiter*.

PENICULUS.

Anſwer this Queſtion, I beſeech you, did you not rob your Wife of a Robe to Day to make a Preſent to your Miſtreſs, *Erotia?*

MENAECHMUS.

By *Hercules* I have no Wife, nor have I given a ſtolen Robe to *Erotia*.

PENICULUS.

Amazing! you dream waking, the Thing is inconteſtable, did I not ſee you a Moment ago come out of *Erotia*'s Houſe with a Robe on your Body?

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

Confound you for an Ideot, you judge of others by yourſelf, and becauſe you are a ridiculous Fop, you think I am ſo alſo; ſo you really ſay you have ſeen me in a Female Habit?

PENICULUS.

Yes, I maintain it, I have ſeen you,

MENÆCHMUS.

Go hang yourſelf, Blockhead, or rather go and offer an expiatory Sacrifice to the Gods, that they may cure you of this Folly, for you are certainly the moſt ſtupid of all Mortals.

PENICULUS.

I ſwear by the Temple of *Pollux!* mark me, *Menæchmus*, that no Conſideration whatever ſhall hinder me from telling your unhappy Wife this whole Affair; yes, ſhe ſhall know every Thing that has paſſed without the leaſt Diſguiſe; and thus the Injuries you have done me ſhall fall heavy upon yourſelf; I will enjoy my Revenge at my Eaſe, and conſole myſelf with that for the good Cheer you have had the Barbarity to deprive me of, for oh! this Diſappointment to Day tortures me horribly, depend upon it I will be revenged, it ſhall never be ſaid you have devour'd all this excellent Feaſt for nothing. I tell you again it ſhall coſt you dear.

MENÆCHMUS.

Will this Deluſion never have an end? ſhall I be eternally mock'd in this Manner? every Perſon I ſee banters me, and accuſes me of Things I am entirely ignorant of, by *Hercules!* this is very provoking, but the Door opens, what will come next?

SCENE III.

A Maid Servant, MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Servant.

Mr. *Menæchmus*, my Miſtreſs *Erotia* intreats you will buy an Ounce of Gold to be added to the Robe, and that you will alſo carry this Bracelet to the Goldſmith, and deſire him to mend it, and alter it ſo that it may appear quite new.

MENAECHMUS.

Go, my Child, tell thy Miſtreſs from me that I will carefully perform her Commiſſion, and not only this, but any other ſhe pleaſes to command me, my Purſe and my Perſon ſhall be always at her Service.

Servant.

Do you know this Bracelet?

MENÆCHMUS.

No, but I perceive it is Gold.

Servant.

Servant.

'Tis the ſame Bracelet which you ſaid ſome Time ago you had ſtolen out of your Wife's Cabinet.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* I never ſaid ſo.]

Servant.

What! have you forgot it? give me the Bracelet again then, ſince you do not remember it was yours.

MENÆCHMUS.

Stay, ſtay, let me conſider a little—Oh! I remember the Jewel perfectly well, yes it is the ſame Bracelet, I gave to my Miſtreſs, the very ſame.

Servant.

You are ſure of it then?

MENAECHMUS.

Very ſure, but where are the two other Jewels that I gave her at the ſame Time?

Servant.

You gave her no more than this Bracelet.

MENAECHMUS.

By *Pollux!* when I gave her this I gave her the others.

Servant.

Well, take Care of this.

MENAECHMUS.

You may aſſure her that I will not neglect any Thing ſhe commands, I will give the Workman Orders to ſend home the Robe, and the Bracelet at the ſame Time.

Servant.

Ah! ſweet Sir, do me the Favour to give me a Pair of Gold Earings, about the Weight of two Crowns; come, Mr. *Menæchmus*, comply generouſly with this Requeſt, and be aſſured I will always meet you with Smiles when you come to our Houſe.

MENAECHMUS.

Oh! I will do this with Pleaſure, only give me the Gold, and I'll take Care to have the Earings made, and will pay for the Faſhion.

Servant.

Be ſo good, Sir, to lend me the Gold, I'll certainly pay you ſome Time or other.

MENAECHMUS.

No, no, I inſiſt upon your furniſhing the Gold yourſelf; look into your Hoards and bring me the two Pieces.

Servant.

I'll enter into an Engagement to pay it back double.

MENAECHMUS.

I have no Gold at preſent.

Servant.

Servant.

Well, you'll oblige me when you have; have you any Commands to my Miſtreſs?

MENAECHMUS.

Tell her the Robe and the Bracelet ſhall be ſent very ſoon, and alter'd to her Fancy. So ſhe is gone, the Door is ſhut. Oh! fortunate *Menæchmus*, certainly thou art highly favoured by the Gods? what a Profuſion of Benefits have they ſhowered upon thee? but what a Fool am I to linger here? why do I not ſeize this favourable Opportunity to make my Eſcape. Go then, *Menæchmus*, Courage, Man, haſte away, and make good Uſe of thy Feet; I'll throw my Crown of Flowers on the left Hand, ſo if they ſhou'd take it into their Heads to purſue me, they will ſuppoſe I went that Way. Now will I go ſeek my Slave, *Meſſenion*, for I am impatient to tell him what good Fortune the Gods have ſent me.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Wife of MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*, PENICULUS the Paraſite.

Wife.

HOW can I think of living with a Huſband who robs me of my Cloaths to preſent to his Miſtreſs?

PENICULUS.

In the Name of *Jupiter*, Madam, make no Noiſe, you will ſpoil all; if you will be directed by me, you ſhall ſurprize this unfaithful Huſband in the very fact. Come this Way, I beſeech you, your Huſband hath drank plentifully, and intoxicated as he is he wou'd not neglect carrying the Robe he robb'd you of to Day to the Workman, he had a feſtal Crown upon his Head. Ha! what do I ſee here? the very ſame Crown by *Hercules*, now I hope you do not doubt me, he has certainly taken

taken this Way, ſhall we follow him, or watch his Return where we are? by *Pollux!* here he comes, but I tell you beforehand he has not your Robe with him.

Wife.

What ſhall I do with this Man?

PENICULUS.

What ſhall you do, have you not the ſame Weapon in your Poſſeſſion that you always had? the ſame Inſtrument of Vengeance? In ſhort, have you not the ſame Tongue? make Uſe of it now then, and be reveng'd.

Wife.

Your Advice is very good, I ſhall follow it, and truly I don't need many Perſuaſions to it.

PENICULUS.

Let us retire this Way a little, we will ruſh out upon him at once and ſurprize him.

SCENE II.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*, his Wife, and PENICULUS.

MENAECHMUS.

We have a Cuſtom here that is no leſs fooliſh than troubleſome, and yet the wiſeſt and beſt of us continue to obſerve it exactly, we are extremely deſirous of having a great Number of Dependants, and of being perpetually ſoli-

cited by Clients, but never give ourſelves the Trouble to enquire whether they are good or bad; we never concern ourſelves about their Probity, their Integrity, or the Merit of their Cauſe; all we deſire to know is if they are rich. If the Client is poor, though his Behaviour be ever ſo unexceptionable, yet he paſſes for a Man who has very bad Principles; if he be rich, however wicked and baſe his Life and Manners, yet we extol him for a Man of great Virtue; there are ſome who regard neither Law or Equity, who are continually perſecuting their Patrons, who deny to have received what has been given them, and who having acquired large Fortunes by Uſury and ſwearing falſely, delight in continually involving themſelves and others in Lawſuits; when they have determined on a Day to have their Cauſes pleaded, they acquaint their Advocates or Patrons with it, and whatever Crimes they have committed, they muſt defend them whether the Cauſe be pleaded before the People, before the Pretor, or before the Judge.

A Client of this Sort has been the Cauſe of all my Mortification to Day; he diſappointed me in all my Deſigns, and robb'd me of thoſe Hours I had reſolved to dedicate to Pleaſure, I have pleaded for him before the Ediles, and after a great deal of wicked Diſputation I offered the adverſe Party Conditions equally cruel and unjuſt, and mindful of my Diſappointment, went no farther in my Pleading than what was juſt neceſſary to form an Engagement

gagement upon §. Well what did my Client? Why he gave Security. I proteſt I never ſaw a Man ſo clearly, ſo manifeſtly convicted; the Crimes he was accuſed of were proved upon him by three Witneſſes. May all the Gods puniſh him for the voluptuous Hours he has made me loſe this Day! and may Heaven chaſtiſe me alſo for my Folly, in going to the Aſſembly and depriving myſelf of a delicious Day.

I ordered a good Repaſt to be prepared, and I know my Miſtreſs waits for me with great Impatience, I could not help this Delay, I left the Aſſembly as ſoon as poſſible, I do not doubt but *Erotia* will be extremely offended, but ſhe will be appeaſed by reflecting on the fine Robe I ſtole from my Wife to preſent to her.

PENICULUS.

Do you hear? is it I that have made him confeſs this Villainy? what do you ſay to this?

Wife.

I ſay that I am very unhappy in a Huſband.

PENICULUS.

But did you underſtand what he ſaid?

§ The Pleaders on both Sides were obliged to lay down a certain Sum of Money, which each Party looked upon as the Reward of Victory, this Money was called a Fine, becauſe it was the deſign'd Puniſhment of a Law-ſuit unjuſtly undertaken.

Wife.

Too well, Oh! Gods too well!

MENAECHMUS.

If I act wiſely I ſhall certainly go in here, where I ſhall be more at my Eaſe than at Home, and ſwim in Luxury and Pleaſure.

Wife.

Stay Wretch, for this Time I will diſappoint you, Detection and Shame have overtaken you, thou ſhalt pay back with Intereſt the Robe you have robb'd me of, this is the Conſequence of ſuch Liberalities; were you ſuch a Fool as to imagine ſuch Crimes cou'd be long concealed or committed with Impunity?

MENÆCHMUS.

What do you mean, Wife? what is the Matter?

Wife.

Exceſſive Aſſurance! dare you aſk me what is the Matter?

MENÆCHMUS.

Wou'd you have me aſk this Man then?

PENICULUS.

No Coaxing—it will ſignify nothing, go on, Madam, maintain your Rights as you ought.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

What Cauſe have I given you, *Peniculus*, to treat me ſo ill?

Wife.

You ought to know.

PENICULUS.

He is not ignorant of the Reaſon I have to complain of him, but the wicked Wretch pretends to know nothing about it.

MENÆCHMUS.

But come explain this Buſineſs to me?

Wife.

The Robe,

MENÆCHMUS.

What Robe?

Wife.

Who was it that carried away my Robe?

PENICULUS.

What are you afraid, Sir?

MENÆCHMUS.

Yes, faith, of one Thing, I confeſs this Robe makes me tremble.

PENICULUS.

'Tis your Turn now, I trembled, Heaven knows, while you eat in my Abſence that ex-

quiſite Repaſt to which you had invited me; go on, Madam, do not ſpare this perfidious Huſband, let him feel the Violence of your Reſentment.

MENÆCHMUS.

Wilt thou not be ſilent, ungrateful as thou art?

PENICULUS.

No, by *Hercules!* I will not be ſilent, he makes Signs to me to ſay nothing.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* thou lyeſt, I made no Sign either with my Head or Eyes.

Wife.

How unhappy, how miſerable am I?

MENÆCHMUS.

In what are you unhappy, tell me, Madam?

PENICULUS.

This Man has not his Equal for Impudence in the whole World, with what Confidence he denies a Thing as clear as the Sun.

MENÆCHMUS.

I ſwear to thee, Wife, by *Jupiter*, and all the immortal Gods, I did not make any Sign to this Fellow. Are you ſatisfied?

PE-

PENICULUS.

You need not take much Pains to perſuade her to believe that, ſtay, ſtay, Sir, we have not done with you yet, pray come back?

MENÆCHMUS.

Come back, for what?

PENICULUS.

In my Opinion you cannot do better than to go to the Embroiderer and bring back the Robe, this is all you have for it now.

MENÆCHMUS.

What Robe is it that you both ſtun my Ears with thus?

Wife.

What have I to do but be ſilent ſince he pretends to have forgot this diſgraceful Action?

MENÆCHMUS.

Have any of my Slaves offended thee, Wife? I know Servants often anſwer ſaucily, and 'tis difficult to govern them, but you need only complain to me, and I will chaſtiſe them ſeverely, I'll make them obſerve their Duty.

PENICULUS.

You are merry, Sir.

MENÆCHMUS.

You ſeem to labour with ſome violent Un-

eaſineſs, Wife, Sorrow is painted on your Face, tell me the Cauſe.

PENICULUS.
You mock her certainly.

MENÆCHMUS.
Has any of the Family offended her?

PENICULUS.
You are pleaſant, you turn her into Ridicule.

MENÆCHMUS.
Is it with me then that ſhe is angry?

PENICULUS.
Aye, now you ſpeak ſeriouſly.

MENÆCHMUS.
By *Pollux!* I never did her the leaſt Injury.

PENICULUS.
Now you begin to rally again.

MENÆCHMUS.
Tell me, my dear Wife, what is the Cauſe of your Uneaſineſs?

PENICULUS.
He begins to flatter now, beware of him.

MENÆCHMUS.
Miſchievous Fellow, can't you hold your Tongue, 'tis your Buſineſs to be neuter here, I ſay

I ſay nothing to you, why then do you torment me?

Wife.

Let my Hand alone, keep your Careſſes for your Miſtreſs.

Peniculus.

Mind that, Sir, another Time make haſte to devour the Feaſt in my Abſence, and afterwards laugh at me, inſult me, and throw your Crown of Flowers on the Ground when you have eaten and drank plentifully.

Menaechmus.

What doſt thou mean, I have not eaten to Day, I am yet faſting, nor have I been with *Erotia* ſince I parted from her with you.

Peniculus.

Dare you deny it.

Menæchmus.

Yes, by *Hercules*, I dare, and will maintain that your Reproaches are as falſe as Hell.

Peniculus.

Moſt impudent of Men! did I not ſee you a Moment ago come out of *Erotia*'s Houſe with a feſtal Crown upon your Head? did you not treat me like a Fool or a Madman? ſwear you knew me not, and that you only this Day arrived at *Epidamnum?*

MENAECHMUS.

How is it poſſible I ſhou'd have had this ſtrange Converſation with you, ſince I have never ſeen you ſince we parted at the Aſſembly till this Moment?

PENICULUS.

Ah, I know the very bottom of your Heart, you did not think I was capable of taking a ſevere Revenge for the Injury you did me, but by *Hercules* you was deceived, for I have told all to your Wife.

MENAECHMUS.

How! what is it thou haſt told her?

PENICULUS.

I have forgot, take the Trouble to aſk her.

MENÆCHMUS.

'Tis well, Raſcal. My dear Wife, what is it this Rogue of a Paraſite has told you? tell me? why are you ſilent? ſpeak freely, open your Heart to me without Diſguiſe?

Wife.

As if you knew not the Cauſe of my Grief, my rich Robe is ſtolen from me.

MENÆCHMUS.

Is it poſſible! your rich Robe ſtolen, ſay you? what News is this you tell me?

Wife.

Wife.

Ought you to be ſurpriſed at this News?

MENÆCHMUS.

If I knew how it happened I wou'd procure you Satisfaction.

PENICULUS.

With what Aſſurance he diſſembles and pretends Ignorance of the Fact! but it is all to no Purpoſe, your Roguery cannot be concealed; for by *Hercules*, I who know it have diſcovered all to your Wife.

MENAECHMUS.

What have you diſcovered?

Wife.

Since you have loſt all Shame, and are reſolved to perſiſt in your Falſehood, hear me, Wretch, I will tell you the Cauſe of my Uneaſineſs, and what your Paraſite has informed me of, my Robe is ſtolen out of my Houſe.

MENAECHMUS.

But ſeriouſly, have you been robb'd of a Robe?

PENICULUS.

Subtle Wretch, how he equivocates! the Robe is ſtolen that's certain, Madam, and ſtolen for a Whore.

ME-

MENAECHMUS.

What have you to do in this Affair? but what is it you tell me, Wife?

Wife.

Muſt I repeat it eternally! I tell you again that my Robe is taken out of the Houſe.

MENAECHMUS.

Who has taken it?

Wife.

By *Pollux* he that took it knows the Thief very well.

MENAECHMUS.

Who is that Man?

Wife.

One *Menæchmus*.

MENAECHMUS.

By *Jupiter* it was a villainous Action, but who is this *Menæchmus?*

Wife.

Yourſelf.

MENAECHMUS.

Me! me! do you ſay?

Wife.

Yes, you I ſay.

ME-

MENAECHMUS.

Who is my Accuſer?

Wife.

Myſelf.

PENICULUS.

And I alſo, nay more, I will prove that you ſtole away the Robe to carry it to your Miſtreſs, *Erotia.*

MENAECHMUS.

I! have I given a Robe to any one?

PENICULUS.

You, you, no other than you, muſt we bring an Owl hither to ſcream out You, without ceaſing, in your Ears, your Wife and I are fatigued with repeating this Word ſo often.

MENAECHMUS.

I ſwear to you, Wife, by *Jupiter*, and all the Gods (ſure this will ſatisfy you) that I have not given away your Robe.

PENICULUS.

And we ſwear to you by *Hercules!* that we do not lye.

MENAECHMUS.

Then you know that I have not given away the Robe, I have only lent it for a little Time, upon Condition that when the Perſon who

who borrow'd has made Uſe of it once, it ſhall be returned immediately.

Wife.

By the Temple of *Caſtor!* I never lend any of your Coats, or Cloaks, to any Perſon whatever, it belongs to me only to lend my Cloaths, and to you to do what you pleaſe with your own.

Menaechmus.

Don't be uneaſy, your Robe ſhall be brought back to you, I will take that trouble upon myſelf.

Wife.

It will be your Intereſt to do ſo, for depend upon it if you do not bring back my Robe you ſhall never come into my Houſe again.

Menaechmus.

How! will you ſhut my own Doors upon me? will you preſume to baniſh me from my own Houſe?

Peniculus.

But pray, Madam, what Reward will you beſtow upon me for informing you of this Roguery?

Wife.

When ſuch an Accident happens to you I will do you the ſame Service you have done me.

Pe-

PENICULUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux* I am in no Danger of ſuch an Accident happening to me, for I have nothing to loſe. May the Gods confound the Huſband and Wife, both I ſay, what can I do now? I muſt even go to the public Square, and ſee if I can faſten upon any body who will give me a Meal, for I have nothing more to expect from this ingrateful Family.

MENAECHMUS.

So my better Half imagines ſhe has mortified me extremely by baniſhing me from home, Fool! as if I had not another Place to go to, where I ſhall paſs my Time more agreeably than with a ſcolding Wife. If my Wife is offended I have the Conſolation to think that my *Erotia* will receive me with open Arms; ſhe will not baniſh me from her, no, ſhe will welcome me with Tranſport—I will go to her immediately, and intreat her to give me back this curſed Robe which has occaſioned ſo much Noiſe, and I will buy her a better. Hollo, who is there, what neither Porter nor Portreſs? open the Door, I ſay, and tell your Miſtreſs I am here.

SCENE III.

EROTIA, MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

EROTIA.

Who is it that aſks for me?

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

One that loves you more than his own Life.

EROTIA.

What is it you, my dear *Menæchmus*, why do you ſtay at the Door? what new Whim is this? come in my Love.

MENÆCHMUS.

Stay a little, can you tell what occaſions this Viſit?

EROTIA.

'Tis eaſy to gueſs, my Friend, you are come to take a little Repaſt with me.

MENÆCHMUS.

You are miſtaken, my Charmer, and not to keep you long in Suſpence, hear what I have to ſay, though I am afraid it will not be very agreeable, in ſhort I am come to intreat you will return me the Robe I gave you this Morning, my Wife has been informed of all that is paſt, you may judge if ſhe be not in a great Rage; be ſo kind as to give me back her Robe, and I promiſe to buy you another of twice the Value, and you ſhall chuſe it yourſelf.

EROTIA.

Sure you know not what you ſay! my Dear, have you forgot that I gave you the Robe to carry to the Workman, and a Bracelet

celet alſo at the ſame Time, which I deſired you wou'd get alter'd for me?

MENAECHMUS.

What do you ſay? that you have given me the Robe and the Bracelet? there is not any Thing more falſe, go Child, look in your Drawers, or rather reflect a little, for ſince the Time that I gave you that Robe, and quitted you to the Aſſembly, I have not had the Pleaſure of ſeeing your Face till this Moment.

EROTIA.

Ah! I ſee your Deſign, I have found you out, becauſe I was ſilly enough to give you an Occaſion to make a Fool of me, you are reſolved to make Uſe of it.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Pollux!* I have no bad Intention in making you this Demand, you may believe what you pleaſe, but I aſſure you my Wife knows all.

EROTIA.

Did I aſk you to give me this Robe? did you not voluntarily make me a Preſent of it? you demand it again now, be it ſo, I am very willing to reſign it, keep it, do what you will with it, return it to your Wife, but be aſſured you ſhall never enter my Houſe again; and ſince you reward my Tenderneſs ſo ill, I am reſolved for the future you ſhall obtain nothing of me but what you purchaſe with Gold—

Go

Go—ſeek elſewhere for a Miſtreſs, whom you can impoſe upon.

MENAECHMUS.

What, in the Name of *Hercules*, is all this Rage for? indeed you are in the wrong. What going, ſtay, I ſay, *Erotia*, return hither.

EROTIA.

Are you there ſtill? how dare you call me?

MENÆCHMUS.

Ha! ſhe is gone in, and has ſhut the Door cloſe after her, by *Jupiter* I am in a very agreeable Situation, baniſh'd by my Wife, excluded by my Miſtreſs, ſhamefully diſmiſſed by both. What ſhall I do? neither of them will truſt me again, I muſt conſult my Friends upon this Misfortune, and follow their Advice.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, the Wife of MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

MENÆCHMUS.

I Committed a great Folly when I confided my Purſe to the Care of *Meſſenion*, the Raſcal is certainly waſting his Time and my Money in ſome Baudy-Houſe.

Wife.

I am impatient to know if my Huſband will return home again. Ha! there he is, I am happy, he brings me back my Robe.

MENÆCHMUS.

I cannot imagine where this Slave of mine is.

Wife.

I'll meet him, and ſcold him as he deſerves,

are

are you not aſhamed, wicked Man, as you are to appear before me with that Robe.

MENÆCHMUS.

Hey! what is the meaning of this? certainly, Madam, you have loſt your Wits.

Wife.

How! impudent Wretch, have you the Boldneſs to open your Mouth to anſwer me?

MENÆCHMUS.

What Crime have I been guilty of to be condemned to keep my Mouth ſhut, pray?

Wife.

Dare you aſk that Queſtion? inſolent! ſhameleſs! moſt wicked of all Mortals!

MENÆCHMUS.

Hum—Pray, Madam, have you read Hiſtory enough to know why the *Greeks* call'd Queen *Hecuba* a Bitch?

Wife.

Not I ——

MENÆCHMUS.

Becauſe Misfortunes having deprived this old Princeſs of her Senſes, ſhe talked in the Manner you do now, and loaded every Perſon ſhe ſaw with Abuſe. 'Twas with Juſtice therefore that the *Greeks* gave her the Appellation of Bitch.

Wife.

'Tis abſolutely impoſſible to bear with your Irregularities any longer, I wou'd much rather chuſe to live like a Widow the remainder of my Days, than with a Huſband that abandons himſelf to ſuch monſtrous Exceſſes.

MENÆCHMUS.

If you have Reſolution enough to live without Man, and abandon your Spouſe, what is that to me pray? is it the Cuſtom in *Epidamnum* for Women of Diſtinction to faſten upon Strangers juſt arrived, and acquaint them with the Secrets of their Families?

Wife.

Yes, I repeat it, our Union ſhall be diſſolved, I wou'd rather paſs my Days in the moſt rigid Chaſtity than ſuffer any longer your horrible Diſorders.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* with all my Heart, live a Widow to Eternity, you have my free Conſent.

Wife.

But dare you, inſolent that you are, dare you deny that you ſtole my Robe, when at this Moment you wear it on your Body as an Ornament? Wretch! how cou'd you be guilty of ſuch an Action without bluſhing,

or

or rather without being ready to expire with Shame?

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* Madam, this is paſt bearing, and all the Reſpect I owe your Sex cannot hinder me from telling you that you are as bold as wicked, to charge me with having robb'd you of this Robe, when it was given me by a Woman whom I believe you never ſaw, to get alter'd for her.

Wife.

Ah! this is too much—they will make me deſperate. By *Caſtor* I will ſend for my Father; and give him an exact Account of your fine Behaviour. Who's there? One of you go to my Father, and tell him I beg to ſee him immediately upon an Affair of Conſequence. Now, Sir, your Debaucheries ſhall be all expoſed, I will paint you in your proper Colours.

MENÆCHMUS.

Are you crazy, Miſtreſs, what Debaucheries am I guilty of pray?

Wife.

When you rob me, who am your Wife, and a too too faithful one for ſuch a Huſband, when you rob me, I ſay of my Cloaths and Jewels, and give them publickly to your Whore, can you wonder that I complain of ſuch Treatment?

MENAECHMUS.

In the Name of *Hercules*, Madam, I beſeech you, tell me if you can, is there any Drug, any Potion, that if I drank wou'd give me Spirits to ſupport your amazing Boldneſs? I wou'd fain know who you take me for? for my Part I declare I know you not, nor ever ſaw you before.

Wife.

Though you divert yourſelf with turning me into Ridicule, yet ſure you will have ſome Conſideration, ſome Reſpect for my Father, whom I have ſent for. Ha! here he comes, look on him, know you this venerable old Man, Sir?

MENAECHMUS.

Juſt as well as the Prophet *Calchus*, I tell you this is the firſt Time I ever ſaw him.

Wife.

Wretch! wilt thou deny that thou know'ſt me or my Father?

MENAECHMUS.

Yes, by *Hercules!* and your Grandfather alſo.

Wife.

Amazing Impudence.

SCENE II.

The Old Man, Father-in-law of MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*, the Wife of the ſame, and MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Old Man.

I am going to my Daughter's Houſe as faſt as my great Age will permit me, but well I know this Walk will be very difficult, for every Step is ſlower than the former, I ſink under the Weight of Years, and drag a heavy Body, which my Limbs are hardly able to ſupport; my Strength is almoſt gone, I carry my Years on my Back like bad Merchandize, for this wicked old Age, whenever it comes, brings with it a great many Followers, a Croud of Inconveniencies and natural Defects; in ſhort, old Age is ſubject to ſo many Miſeries that if I undertook to recount them I ſhou'd die before the Detail was ended. But beſides the Pain of being old, which is not ſmall, I am aſſaulted by a new Affliction that touches me ſenſibly; my Daughter has ſent for me in a violent Hurry, ſhe intreats that I will come immediately; what can be the occaſion of this Meſſage? what Accident has happened? my Imagination repreſents a thouſand different Things to me, all equally tormenting.

But what I am moſt ſurpriſed at is, that my Daughter has ſent only a general Meſſage, which gives me no Light into the Affair. Ah! ſhe wou'd have done better to have ſpared me

me this Anxiety by informing me exactly what the Buſineſs is. Mean Time I conjecture, I divine, and I am much deceived if I am not right, ſome new Family Storm, ſome domeſtic Hurricane has occaſioned this Meſſage. Women who bring large Portions to their Huſbands expect to make them wear the Yoke; theſe Women I ſay are generally very bad, and if the poor Huſband endeavours but ever ſo little to maintain his Right of Superiority, the Houſe will be always full of Noiſe; the Huſbands indeed often abuſe their Power, and then 'tis they who are in the wrong. To render the conjugal State happy, 'tis neceſſary that the Authority of the Huſband ought to be exerted with Prudence; and the Submiſſion of the Wife be bounded by Reaſon; by *Pollux!* it certainly is not for any trivial Matter that my Drughter has ſent for me, 'tis ſomething of Conſequence, but whatever it is I ſhall know preſently. Ha! do I not ſee this Couple before the Door of their Houſe; the Huſband has a diſcontented Air, his Uneaſineſs is painted in his Countenance, how well have I gueſs'd! they are quarrelling, ah! I am ſeldom deceived. I muſt begin my Interpoſition by firſt ſpeaking to the Wife.

Wife.

My dear Father.

Old Man.

How do you, my Daughter? am I welcome? what good News have you for me? but you look ſad, what is the Cauſe? why

does your Huſband look ſo angrily on you? you have certainly had a Battle between you, at leaſt with your Tongues; tell me truly, Daughter, which of you two is moſt in Fault? and merits moſt the paternal Cenſure? tell me in few Words all I ought to be acquainted with, either as Judge or Mediator.

Wife.

I muſt firſt aſſure you, my dear Father, that I am guilty of no Fault; you may rely abſolutely upon this Teſtimony of my Innocence, though given by myſelf, but at the ſame Time, Father, I declare to you that it is impoſſible for me to live any longer here, I therefore conjure you to ſeparate me from this Man, and take me home to you again.

Old Man.

What's this I hear! have you Reaſons ſufficient to induce you to make me this Demand?

Wife.

I am ſlighted, I am deſpiſed, and am obliged to bear the moſt cruel, the moſt ſhocking Indignities.

Old Man.

Who is it that treats you ſo unworthily?

Wife.

That Man there, who promiſed you to love me and make me happpy, him who bears the

the Name of Huſband to me, and oh! more wretched me, whoſe Wife I too certainly am.

Old Man.

How often have I warned you, my Daughter, to exert all your Prudence in avoiding Quarrels, that neither your Huſband or you might have any Occaſion to make me Complaints.

Wife.

But how can I obey you in this? my Father, you ſuppoſe the Thing poſſible, but I ſwear to you ſolemnly it is not.

Old Man.

Is it to me you addreſs yourſelf?

Wife.

Yes, if you will have the Goodneſs to hear me.

Old Man.

Alas! how many Times have I recommended it to you, Daughter, to conform to the Will of your Huſband, you ought never to obſerve where he goes, or what he does, or endeavour to pry into his Diverſions, or Intrigues.

Wife.

But he is in Love with a profeſſed Courtezan, who lives in our Neighbourhood.

Old Man.

Is he ſo! faith I like him the better for it, and to reward you for your Diligence in diſcovering this Intrigue, I will do my beſt to forward it, and engage your Spouſe in new Gallantries.

Wife.

But alas, Sir! his Debaucheries are not confined to Women alone, he drinks there to Exceſs, and buries himſelf in Voluptuouſneſs in this infamous Brothel.

Old Man.

What is it to you where he drinks? how far will you carry your Inſolence? why do you not forbid him to go abroad, or to invite any Perſon to his Table? Do you expect that Huſbands will relinquiſh their Authority, and take Pleaſure in ſerving their Wives, and becoming Slaves to their unreaſonable Wills; you might with equal Juſtice expect your Huſband to ſit amongſt your Maids and ſpin.

Wife.

Alas, Father! you did not come I find to be my Patron; my Meſſage has procured a good Advocate for my Huſband? you are here indeed at my Requeſt, but you plead only againſt me.

Old Man.

If your Huſband is faulty, I declare myſelf againſt him, and I ſhall condemn him more ſeverely

ſeverely than I have done you, from his Advocate I ſhall become his Accuſer; but ſince I find that he ſupplies you with every Thing you want, and maintains you in Elegance and Splendor, in my Opinion, a Woman of Senſe ought to be contented with theſe Proofs of Affection, and endeavour to merit them by Sweetneſs and Complacency.

Wife.

Ah, Father! I have only told you the ſlighteſt of his Faults—Wou'd you think it—This kind Huſband opens my Cabinets, takes away my Cloaths, my Gold, my Jewels, to enrich and adorn his Whore.

Old Man.

Oh! if he does ſo he does very ill, but on the other Side, if this ſhould be a Falſhood, a Calumny, you are guilty of a moſt enormous Crime, in thus aſperſing the Innocence of your Spouſe.

Wife.

I can give you an immediate Proof of the Truth of what I ſay; at this Inſtant he has a Robe and Bracelet of mine about him; he had given them to his Miſtreſs, but finding I had diſcovered his Baſeneſs, he brought back his Booty apparently through Shame and Neceſſity.

Old Man.

I will know from himſelf the bottom of this Affair, I will accoſt him, and give him Au-

dience in his Turn as a good and impartial Judge is obliged to do. Your Servant, Son-in-law, I wou'd fain know the Occaſion of your Uneaſineſs, you ſeem to be angry with your Wife? what is the Subject of your Diſpute, pray tell me?

MENÆCHMUS.

Good Man, whoever you are, I take *Jupiter* and all the Gods to witneſs——

Old Man.

Upon what Account? why do you thus invoke the Inhabitants of Heaven?

MENÆCHMUS.

I ſwear by *Jupiter*, and all his Court, that I have not offered the leaſt Injury whatever to this Woman here. She accuſes me of no leſs than robbing her of a Robe, and this ſuppos'd Crime is ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on her Imagination, that ſhe is ready to ſwear I am guilty of it. But I beſeech you, Sir, take Notice of what I am going to ſay, if ever I was within the Houſe of this Lady, I wiſh I may become the moſt miſerable of all Mortals.

Old Man.

What do you ſay, *Menæchmus!* are you mad? can any Thing be more extravagant than ſuch a Wiſh? You ſwear you have never been within her Houſe, and yet 'tis there that you dwell, ſurely this is a very wild and ridiculous Sally.

ME-

MENAECHMUS.

And do you really ſay, Sir, that I actually dwell in this Houſe here.

Old Man.

And do you, Sir, dare to deny it?

MENÆCHMUS.

Yes, by *Hercules!* and I will maintain it.

Wife.

Then you will maintain a Falſhood with the higheſt Degree of Impudence, unleſs you removed laſt Night, and fix'd your Dwelling in ſome other Place.

Old Man.

Come hither, Daughter. Well, *Menæchmus!* what do you anſwer to that? have you really removed from hence?

MENAECHMUS.

To go whither? and upon what Buſineſs?

Old Man.

By *Pollux!* I know not.

Wife.

Indeed, Father, this Man laughs at you.

Old Man.

Daughter, be ſilent. Come, *Menæchmus*, be

ſerious I beſeech you; you have jeſted with us long enough.

MENÆCHMUS.

Prithee, White-head, what is your Buſineſs with me? from whence come you? who are you? what have I done to you? or what in Conſcience and Honour has this Woman to reproach me with, that ſhe torments me in this Manner?

Wife.

How his Colour changes! how he trembles! obſerve his Eyes, my Father, how fierce and wild they look!

MENÆCHMUS.

Theſe wiſe People will have it that I am mad; 'tis well, I will confirm them in that Opinion, I cannot make uſe of a better Stratagem to free myſelf from their tormenting Importunities.

Old Man.

Come hither, Daughter, ſtand further from that Man.

Wife.

How wild and fierce he looks, he ſeems to be collecting all his Force to ruſh on us, great Gods! what ſhall we do?

MENAECHMUS.

Evoé, Evoé, Bromie. Oh! Son of *Jupiter* from what Part of the Foreſt doſt thou call me to the Chace? I hear thy Voice, and wou'd obey, but cannot get looſe from this Place, a

furious

furious Woman, like an enrag'd Bitch, ſeizes me on the left Side, and on the other an old Man that ſtinks like a Goat; a Man that made the innocent periſh by bearing falſe Witneſs againſt them.

Old Man.

Periſh thyſelf, thou abominable Lyar.

Menaechmus.

Ha! I hear *Apollo* from the Depth of his Sanctuary; he commands me to burn out the Eyes of this wicked old Man with two flaming Flambeaux.

Wife.

Alas! my Father, we are loſt, he threatens to burn out our Eyes.

Menaechmus.

Have I not Cauſe to complain? they will have it that I am mad, yet certainly they themſelves have loſt the Uſe of their Reaſon if ever they had any, which indeed is much to be doubted.

Old Man.

Daughter, a Word with you.

Wife.

What ſhall we do, Father, in this new Diſreſs?

Old Man.

The beſt Thing we can do, I believe, is to get ſome Slaves to bind this Madman, and then carry him into the Houſe, where he may

be confined before he commits greater Diſorders.

MENAECHMUS.

Ha! will you ſo? faith, I believe this will prove a ſcurvy Jeſt after all if I don't extricate myſelf quickly out of their Hands, they'll certainly carry me into the Houſe and make me a Priſoner—Again I hear the Voice of *Apollo*, he commands me not to ſpare my Nails, but to make a dreadful Havoc in the Face of this old Man, unleſs he goes away immediately to hang himſelf—Yes, great Divinity, you ſhall be obeyed, nor will I fail to exerciſe the Vigour of my Arms upon the Face of the Woman alſo.

Old Man.

Fly, fly, my Daughter, ſecure yourſelf in the Houſe, I am afraid this Madman will ſtrike you.

Wife.

I go, but oh! my Father, take Care that he does not eſcape. Alas! unhappy Woman that I am, to ſee my Huſband in this miſerable Condition.

MENAECHMUS.

Good! I have ſucceeded in ſending the Fury hence, I muſt now alſo put to Flight this old Wretch, this long Beard, this *Tithon*, this ſhivering Body, this Son of *Cignus*, with his white head. Great *Apollo*, you command me to bruiſe his Sides, to break his Bones, to cruſh

crush his Members, and that with the very same Stick which he carries in his Hand to support his tottering Steps with.

Old Man.

Stay where you are, Madman, advance no farther, for if you have the Impudence to touch me, or only offer to approach me, you shall severely repent it.

Menaechmus.

I will faithfully follow your Orders, *Apollo*, my Master and Inspirer, I will take a Saw with two Edges, I will grind his Bones, I will rip up his Belly, and cut his Entrails to Pieces.

Old Man.

I must be upon my Guard, he keeps his Eyes fix'd upon me, he has a menacing Air, he will certainly rush upon my poor Skeleton and do me a Mischief.

Menaechmus.

How many Orders you give me at one Time, divine *Apollo*, what shall I do first? Ha! thou sayst I must take a Set of untamed furious Horses, and ascend a Car to hunt this Lyon of *Getulia*, this stinking Lyon without Teeth, 'tis done—I am already mounted on the Car, I press the Seat, one Hand grasps the Reins, the other holds aloft my Weapon, come on then my brave, my valiant Horses, now show your Swiftness, your Vigour, and your Courage; make known your Fire by the Rapidity

pidity of your Courſe; let your Steps be wing'd with Lightning, let the Earth reſound with the Thunder of your Hoofs.

Old Man.

What do you threaten to tear me in Pieces with your Horſes, and to drive your Car over my Body?

Menæchmus.

Again, I feel the inſpiring God, he bids me ſpring upon that Man and murder him. Ha! who is the preſumptuous Wretch that dares to hold my Horſes and ſtop my Car, whoever he be? he oppoſes the Execution of your Sentence, great God, he cancels the Decree of *Apollo*.

Old Man.

Alas! this is indeed a dreadful Diſeaſe, immortal Gods! deign to have Pity on us, how has this horrible Accident happened to him? my Son-in-law was once wiſe and diſcreet, and all of a ſudden his Brain is diſtemper'd, this Misfortune requires a ſpeedy Remedy, I muſt make Haſte and get a Phyſician immediately.

SCENE III.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Menæchmus.

So! I am at laſt delivered from theſe pleaſant People, who are determined to believe me mad,

mad, and yet I am very certain that I am perfectly well; but now that I am ſafe, now that I am delivered from my Perſecutors, what hinders me from making Haſte to my Ship? Gentlemen grant me one Favour if you pleaſe, if the old Man ſhould return, I intreat ye all, (and there is really a good Number of you,) I intreat ye all, I ſay, not to tell him which Way I have taken.

SCENE IV.

Old Man.

I have ſat ſo long that my Back aches with anxiouſly waiting till the Doctor return'd from viſiting his Patients. At laſt having finiſh'd his ſick Rounds the hateful Fellow comes home. He muſt be a Man of eminent Knowledge, of an almoſt ſupernatural Skill in his Profeſſion; he recounts as two of his greateſt Exploits the having ſet the Thigh of *Eſculapius*, and the Arm of *Apollo*; two admirable Cures it muſt be confeſſed; without the Aſſiſtance of this wonderful Operator, the God of Medicine himſelf wou'd have had Occaſion for Crutches, and the glorious *Apollo* for an Arm of Silver. I really know not at preſent whether this Man ought to be call'd a Phyſician or a Mechanic; for if he has cured two Divinities, there cannot be a more glorious Teſtimony of his Skill, or a greater Honour for his Profeſſion; but if he has only refitted two broken Statues, the Exploit is not very extraordinary. Here he comes, a moſt grave and comely

comely Personage! how majestically slow he walks, he is indeed a very admirable Man!

SCENE V.

Physician, Old Man.

Physician.

You were speaking to me about the Sickness of your Son-in-law, explain it to me now with more Clearness? let me know all the Symptoms? what is the Disease that he is afflicted with? is he tormented by Phantoms, Spectres, or Hobgoblins? has he the Distemper of the Goddess *Cares* upon him? conceal nothing; is he lethargick, hydropical, or consumptive? 'tis necessary that the Physician shou'd be told every Thing.

Old Man.

'Tis just the contrary, Mr. Doctor; for I desired you to come hither in order to be informed by you what Distemper my Son-in-law is afflicted with, and also with a Hope of having him restored to Health by your Assistance.

Physician.

Nothing is less difficult, believe me, good Man, your Labour will not be in vain, I promise you upon the Faith of a Physician, that your Son-in-law shall be cured from this Day.

Old

Old Man.

I wou'd have him treated with all imaginable Care, and nothing spared which may contribute towards the Re-establishment of his Health.

Physician.

Do not you trouble yourself, I will labour upon the Patient with an indefatigable Application, I will fatigue myself so much with my Endeavours to restore him, that I will sigh six hundred Times a Day through Weariness.

Old Man.

Hold, Sir, there is your Patient coming towards us.

Physician.

Softly! let us observe him, let us see a little what he will do.

SCENE VI.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*, the old Man his Father-in-law, and the Physician.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Pollux!* I certainly rose to Day under a malignant Influence, a miserable Day has it been to me! this rascally Parasite has discovered all my Secrets, this Rogue, this Monster of Ingratitude, has in a Moment plunged me into Infamy and Fear, him who was my *Ulysses*, to whom I entrusted all my Designs,

ſigns, the Guide and Executioner of all my Schemes, he has betrayed his Agamemnon, and by his Perfidy drawn me out of a moſt ſweet and happy Situation. If I live I will take away his Life, but I talk like a Fool; is it not from my Benevolence that he holds his Life? is he not ſupported by my Wealth? wou'd he not have periſh'd a hundred Times by Hunger but for me? 'tis thus then that I will take away his Life, I will deprive him of my Aſſiſtance. As for this Whore, ſhe maintains very well the Honour of her Character, ſhe does nothing unworthy her honeſt Profeſſion, I intreated her to return me the Robe, that I might pacify my Wife with it, mark her extream Cunning, and the Lye ſhe invented immediately to keep it. She ſwears to me, that ſhe gave it me ſome Hours ago.—Is it poſſible to carry Impudence farther than this? Alas! it muſt be confeſt I am extremely miſerable.

Old Man.

Do you hear what he ſays?

Phyſician.

He deplores his Unhappineſs.

Old Man.

Be ſo good to accoſt him.

Phyſician.

Mr. *Menæchmus*, your Servant, pray why do you ſtretch yourſelf thus? you are not ſenſible of the Hurt it does you: This Extenſion

tenſion of your Arms encreaſes the Violence of your Diſtemper.

MENÆCHMUS.

What does this Quack mean? go hang thyſelf with thy Doctorial Viſions.

Phyſician.

Do you feel any Thing?

MENÆCHMUS.

Why ſhou'd I not feel? I have all my five Senſes.

Phyſician.

It will coſt more than an Acre of Helebore to cure this Head, but let's try him again. Well, Sir, what good News can you tell us?

MENAECHMUS.

What wou'd you have me to tell you?

Phyſician.

Anſwer preciſely to the Queſtion I aſk you; is the Wine you commonly drink White or Red?

MENAECHMUS.

May the Furies carry thee away with thy impertinent Curioſity.

Phyſician.

By *Hercules!* his Madneſs begins to ſeize him, he grows wild.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

Why do you not aſk me whether the Bread I generally eat is Purple, Red, or Yellow, or enquire if the Birds which are ſerved up to my Table, have Scales, or the Fiſh Wings?

Old Man.

Good Gods! what Extravagancies he utters, do you not mark him, Doctor? haſte then, and make him ſwallow ſome ſalutary Potion before his Diſtemper increaſes, and he becomes quite furious.

Phyſician.

Have Patience, be ſilent, I want to interrogate him a little longer.

Old Man.

Aye, aye, according to the laudable Cuſtoms of your Art, you murder the poor Patients with the Gravity of your nonſenſical Speeches.

Phyſician.

Tell me, do not you feel your Eyes grow hard?

MENAECHMUS.

Do you take me for a Graſshopper?

Phyſician.

Don't you perceive that your Bowels make a great Noiſe?

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

When my Belly is full my Bowels are very peaceable, and sleep profoundly, but when I am hungry they growl horribly.

Physician.

This Answer is wide from the Purpose, it denotes a distemper'd Brain. When you are in Bed do you sleep easily? are not your Slumbers unquiet and interrupted? do you generally sleep till Day?

MENÆCHMUS.

I always sleep well but when my Mind is disturb'd by the Fear of some importunate Creditor. But may *Jupiter* and all the Gods confound thee, thou eternal Questioner! when wilt thou have done?

Physician.

Oh, oh, our Man begins to grow furious, these Words alone ought to be sufficient to make you be on your Guard.

Old Man.

You are mistaken, he is calmer at present, and less abusive than he has been since his Senses were first disordered; it is not long since he called his Wife an enraged Bitch.

MENÆCHMUS.

By your Leave, pray, when did I use such a Word?

Old

Old Man.

I ſay you are mad, my Friend, quite mad, and fit for Chains.

Menæchmus.

How! mad! am I mad?

Old Man.

Yes, you! have you not threatened to cruſh me under the Wheels of your Chariot? had I not heard your Extravagancies with my own Ears, I would not thus freely have call'd you mad.

Menæchmus.

And with the ſame Certainty I know that you have ſtolen the ſacred Crown of *Jupiter*, and that for this horrible Sacrilege you was thrown into Priſon, from whence you are now taken out to be hang'd. I know alſo that you have ſtabb'd your Father, and ſold your Mother for a Slave. Well, Father-in-law, do I ſpeak now like a Man in my Senſes? is it not fit to anſwer Calumny with Calumny, and falſe Imputations with others as falſe, and more attrocious.

Old Man.

Doctor I conjure you loſe no Time; what you are to do, do quickly. See you not how he is tranſported?

Phyſician.

The beſt Thing you can do is to ſend the Patient to my Houſe.

Old

Old Man.

Is this your Opinion?

Phyſician.

Certainly, he will then be wholly under my Care, and I may treat his Diſtemper my own Way.

Old Man.

Do what you think moſt proper to be done.

Phyſician.

Come, Mr. *Menæchmus*, come along with me, I will regale you well! for theſe twenty Days to come, you ſhall drink nothing but Helebore, is not that fine?

Menaechmus.

Raſcal! I will cut thy Throat.

Phyſician.

Come, venerable Father, let us go and get ſome People to carry him to my Houſe.

Old Man.

How many are neceſſary?

Phyſician.

His Diſtemper is ſo violent at preſent that no fewer than four luſty ſtrong Fellows will be neceſſary to carry him away.

Old Man.

They ſhall be here in a Moment; mean Time;

Time, good Mr. *Esculapius*, watch your Patient carefully, don't let him escape.

Physician.

I watch him! excuse me, Sir, I have very urgent Business, nay, you know I am obliged to go home and give the necessary Orders for his Reception. Go, go, send the Slaves hither, and let them bring him to my House immediately.

Old Man.

He shall be there as soon as you,

Physician.

I'll be gone then.

Old Man.

Adieu.

SCENE VII.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum* alone.

So they are gone, my Father-in-law and the Physician, and I am at last delivered from their Hands. Great *Jupiter!* what Adventure is to follow those which have happened to me this Day? They declare publickly here that I am mad; it passes for certain, so there is the Reputation and Honour of my poor Brain dead and buried. But how can this be, for I am very sure that since my first Entrance into Life I have never been seiz'd with any Symptoms

Symptoms of this Diſtemper. Is this black Suſpicion owing to Malice or Miſtake? 'Tis ſtrange! 'tis unaccountable! ſurely I am not mad. I neither inſult, quarrel with, or ſtrike any Perſons that come in my way; my Mind is calm, my Thoughts are reaſonable; my Behaviour is not different from other People; when I ſpeak to them they reply, when they ſpeak to me I anſwer them again, and with as much Judgment as ever I did before. 'Tis not I then that am mad, but thoſe who reproach me with Madneſs have their own Brains cracked; People that labour under ſuch Diſorders, ſuſpect others to be what they are themſelves.

But this is not all that afflicts me, for how ſhall I diſpoſe of myſelf at preſent? to which Side ſhall I turn? I dare not attempt to get into my own Houſe, for my Lamb of a Wife will refuſe me Entrance, and from my Miſtreſs nothing is to be expected; her Door is ſhut againſt me, no one will venture to introduce me, we are upon ſuch bad Terms with each other.—I have no other Reſource but to wait here for the Approach of Night, my Wife perhaps may be then ſeiz'd with Compaſſion, and will permit me to take Part of her Bed.

SCENE VIII.

MESSENION.

The Merit of a good Slave conſiſts in taking great Care of his Maſter's Subſtance, in laying it out wiſely, in being attentive to his

Intereſts; in ſhort, a good Slave ſhou'd in his Maſter's Abſence manage his Money in the ſame Manner as if he was preſent, or rather with more Circumſpection.

A wiſe Domeſtic will always conſider his Shoulders more than his Mouth, he will think it more neceſſary to provide for the Eaſe of his Legs than for the filling his Belly, and have the Reward he expects from his Maſter continually before his Eyes. But what is the Reward that a wicked idle Slave has Reaſon to hope for? in what Coin is he paid? why, with heavy Stripes, Fetters, grinding in Mills, cruel Fatigues, ravenous Hunger, and periſhing Cold; theſe are the natural Conſequences of Diſobedience and Guilt.

As for me, I am a declared Enemy to all theſe Things; there is not one of them convenient, not one that ſuits my Taſte, or does not put me into a horrible Fear; 'tis for this Reaſon that I am firmly reſolved to be good for ſomething, and always prefer good Service to bad. I am not moved by harſh Language, or Reproaches, however undeſerved; for after all they are only Words, and Words ſtrike nothing but the Air, but as for Blows, your humble Servant; I am not for them, I hate them mortally, the Impreſſion they make, is a little too ſtrong.

I muſt confeſs, alſo, that I eat much more willingly what the Labours of others ſupply me with, than my own; Bread made with Flower of my Grinding wou'd taſte very bitter,

ter, but it goes down very pleaſantly, when done by the Fatigue of my Comrades. Therefore I am always ready to obey my Maſter's Commands, I execute his Orders punctually, I ſerve him with Diligence and Alacrity, and I find myſelf in a very happy Situation, with theſe my ſervile Maxims.

Thoſe Slaves, who becauſe of their good Behaviour have nothing to fear, and yet are naturally timid, thoſe Slaves, I ſay, are generally moſt uſeful to their Maſters; on the contrary, thoſe who are bold, determined, and arrogant, are the greateſt Tremblers in the World, when by their Faults they have drawn the Indignation of their Maſters upon them.

Thanks to the Gods, I have no Reaſon to be afraid, my Maſter will in a little Time reward me for my faithful Service; in the mean Time this is my governing Principle, to do always what is moſt for the Eaſe of my Back.

After having ſecured my Maſter's Servants and Baggage in the Inn, as he commanded me, I came back to wait his Orders, 'tis fit I knock at the Door, that he might be informed that I am here. Oh! that I may be ſo happy as to ſee him come out ſafe and ſound from this damn'd Houſe; but I fear I am come too late, and that it will be after Death the Phyſician.

SCENE IX.

The Old Man, MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*, Slaves, MESSENION.

Old Man. *To the Slaves.*

I conjure you by the Gods! and by Men! not to neglect any of my Orders, carry him immediately to the Phyſician's Houſe; I have commanded you to do it, and I now repeat my Command; obey then as you ought, unleſs your Backs and your Thighs are of little Conſideration to you: Do not be frighted from your Duty by his Menaces—Well, why do you ſtand ſtill? why fix yourſelves like Statues in one Poſture? is it thus you obey my Orders? you ought already to have laid him acroſs your Shoulders, make Haſte, I will go before you, to the Phyſician's.

MENÆCHMUS.

I am undone! what can this mean? Raſcals! why do you fall upon me? what do you want? why do you ſurround me thus, voracious Birds of Prey? whither do you want to convey me?—Ah! I am ruin'd! Help, dear Fellow-Citizens of *Epidamnum*.—I implore your Relief, haſten to my Aſſiſtance, and deliver me from theſe Blood-hounds?

MESSENION.

Immortal Gods, what do I ſee! Oh, Miſery! my Maſter, my good Maſter, treated with the

the vileſt Indignity; by all the Furies! they want to carry him away by Force.

MENAECHMUS.

Ah! what brave Man will have Courage enough to embrace my Intereſts, and undertake my Defence.

MESSENION.

I will, my dear Maſter; I will defend you while I have one Drop of Blood remaining. Oh! wicked Attempt. Oh! execrable Villany. Ye Citizens of *Epidamnum*, will ye ſuffer an honeſt free Stranger to be treated like a Slave and a Criminal in the midſt of your Streets? and in a City that is at Peace with all the World? Can any Thing diſhonour you more? Be gone ye Miniſters of Perfidy and Violence, and releaſe the Innocent, whom you oppreſs.

MENÆCHMUS.

Generous Unknown! whoever you are, I earneſtly implore your Aſſiſtance, do not let me ſuffer ſo cruel, and ſo public an Affront.

MESSENION.

Yes, Sir, I will aſſiſt you, my Arm and my Life are at your Service, I will not ſuffer you to be injur'd; if one of us muſt periſh, it is juſt that that I ſhould be the Perſon. Courage then, Maſter, ſtrike out I beſeech you the Eye of this Rogue, that holds you by the Neck; as for me I will deal my Blows plentifully amongſt theſe other Gentlemen

here. By *Hercules!* Villains, you ſhall repent your having undertaken this Taſk to Day. Once more, Raſcals, will you leave my Maſter at Liberty?

MENAECHMUS.

By *Pluto!* I have got this Rogue's Eye in my Hand.

MESSENION.

Good! very good! he has ſomething to remember you by. Off, off, ye Robbers, Murderers, Villains.

Slaves.

Mercy! for the Love of the great *Hercules*, Mercy.

MESSENION.

Leave this Gentleman then.

MENAECHMUS.

Strike! ſtrike! have no Compaſſion on them, who had the Inſolence to ſeize me.

MESSENION.

If you wou'd have me ſpare you, fly, leave this Place, be gone this Inſtant, and may the Gods puniſh ye, Villains, as ye deſerve. How! what makes you lag behind your Fellows? there, take that for being the hindmoſt, by *Hercules!* a good Blow, thy Face is in admirable Order, and now I am ſatisfied, my Work is done. Faith, Sir, I came in

good Time, you began to want my Aſſiſtance.

MENÆCHMUS.

May the Gods be favourable to thee always, generous Stranger! for 'tis certain, without thy Aſſiſtance, this Day had been fatal to me, I ſhou'd not have lived till Sunſet.

MESSENION.

Then, Sir, I may hope you will reward my Service with that good which exceeds every other Liberty.

MENAECHMUS.

Muſt I make thee free, Friend?

MESSENION.

Yes, certainly you, my Maſter? ſince you acknowledge I have ſaved your Life.

MENAECHMUS.

Is it me you call Maſter? you are deceived, and take me for ſome other Perſon.

MESSENION.

How can I be deceived? how can I take you for another Perſon? I do not underſtand you Sir.

MENÆCHMUS.

I ſwear by the Father of the Gods I am not your Maſter.

MESSENION.

Good Sir, do not talk in this Manner.

MENAECHMUS.

I tell you I am not your Maſter, I never had a Slave capable of doing what you have done for me.

MESSENION.

If you will not acknowledge me for your Slave, give me Liberty to go where I pleaſe.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* I will enfranchiſe thee as far as it is in my Power; be free, my Friend, and go where thou wilt.

MESSENION.

Do you command me to do ſo, Sir?

MENAECHMUS.

Yes, by *Hercules!* I command thee by all the Authority I have over thee.

MESSENION.

Oh! my good, my worthy Maſter, I will ſerve you ſtill, faithfully, in the Character of your new freed Man.

A Slave, Companion of MESSENION.

I congratulate you, *Meſſenion*, upon the Liberty you have acquir'd.

MESSENION.

By *Hercules*, my Friend, I do not in the leaſt doubt but that your Congratulation is ſincere.

ſincere. But, Sir, I muſt intreat you will grant me one Favour, and that is, that you will continue to command me any Thing for your Service, with the ſame Authority, as when I was your Slave, I will ſtay with you, and when you return home, I will follow you.

MENAECHMUS.

No, that muſt not be.

MESSENION.

I will go immediately to the Inn, and bring the Baggage and Money; your Purſe is ſeal'd and put into your Portmantua, I will deliver it into your Hands.

MENAECHMUS.

Do ſo, thou art a brave Fellow.

MESSENION.

I will give you back the Purſe in the ſame Condition as when you confided it to my Care. Have a little Patience, and wait for me here.

MENAECHMUS.

What am I to think of all this? what wonderful Accidents have happened to me this Day! Some will not acknowledge me, but impudently maintain that I am what I am not, and from thence take Occaſion to ſhut me out of my Houſe; others pretend, notwithſtanding all my Aſſurances to the contrary, that I am their Maſter. The Man who has juſt left me, wou'd engage himſelf

to all the Furies in Hell, that he is my Slave, and therefore I muſt give him Freedom; the Madman has promiſed me a Purſe full of Money, if he keeps his Word I ſhall very chearfully take Leave of him, I will throw the Reins over his Neck, and ſuffer him to go where he pleaſes; for to be plain, I ſhall be afraid that when he is reſtor'd to his Senſes he will remember the Money he has given me, and demand it back again, perhaps with Intereſt too: My Father-in-law and the Phyſician treat me like a Madman; from whence can it proceed? I am wrapt in Wonder at it. —Let me conſider; am I awake, or is all this a Viſion?—No, 'tis but too certain; what then ſhall I do? after ſo many Storms I believe I cannot do better than to go to this Courtezan, and by Prayers and Flatteries prevail upon her to give me back the Robe; if I ſhould have the Good-luck to ſucceed with this Woman, who like all the reſt of her Trade is true to her own Intereſt, I will carry it home immediately, and do not doubt but with ſuch a Paſſport I ſhall gain Admittance, and reſtore Peace again to my Family.

SCENE X.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENION.

MESSENION.

Haſt thou the Impudence to perſiſt in ſaying thou haſt ſeen and ſpoke to me a few Minutes ago? Was there ever a more infamous

Falſhood? I indeed commanded thee to come and fetch me, or at leaſt to meet me here, neither of which thou didſt; thou wert taken up, I ſuppoſe, with ſome more agreeable Buſineſs.

MESSENION.

Is it poſſible, Sir, that you can ſpeak ſo contrary to your own Knowledge? certainly you mean to divert yourſelf, for you cannot have forgot the Service I did you juſt now. Did I not deliver you from four great Maſtiffs, who were carrying you away by Force? You ſtormed, you cried aloud for Succour, and called both Gods and Men to witneſs the horrible Violence that you ſuffered; in vain you ſtruggled to free yourſelf from their Arms, I was deſtin'd to be your Deliverer; finding you in this Danger I ran, I flew to your Aſſiſtance, I fell furiouſly upon your Raviſhers, and by a Shower of dreadful Blows I forced them to fly; thus I again made you Maſter of yourſelf, and reſtored you to Liberty. This Action, which ſhew'd my ardent Zeal for your Safety, moved your Heart; you thought, and with Reaſon, that you cou'd not reward ſo important a Service with leſs than Liberty, therefore you made me free.

MENAECHMUS.

How! have I made you free? have I permitted you to go where you pleaſe?

MESSENION.

There is nothing more certain.

MENÆCHMUS.

And I proteſt that it has been long my Reſolution, rather to ſell myſelf for a Slave, than give you Freedom. How will you reconcile theſe Contradictions?

SCENE XI.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*, MENAECHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENION.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*, ſpeaking, as he comes out of EROTIA's Houſe.

By *Hercules!* though you ſhou'd ſwear by all that is moſt dear to you, that I have carried away the Robe, and the Bracelet, it would nevertheleſs be falſe, you are all villainous Lyars.

MESSENION.

Oh! Heaven, oh! ye immortal Gods! what do I behold?

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

What is it you ſee?

MESSENION.

Your living Mirror, Sir.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

What doſt thou mean by that?

MESSENION.

Your other Self, never was there ſo perfect a Reſemblance.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Pollux!* if the Idea I have of my own Figure be true, this Man is not different from myſelf.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

Well met again, young Man, who ever thou art, I ſhall look upon thee as my Deliverer.

MESSENION.

I conjure you, Sir, by the great *Hercules!* tell me your Name.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

My Name is *Menæchmus.*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

By the Temple of *Pollux!* that is my Name alſo.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I am of *Syracuſe* in *Sicily.*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

There was I alſo born, and in that City am I ſettled.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
What is it you ſay?

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
Nothing but Truth.

MESSENION.
That I can witneſs, for I ought to know this Gentleman well, ſince I am one of his Slaves. Aye, this is my Maſter, but in good Faith, I have taken you for him, and firmly believed I belonged to you. This Miſtake has been the Cauſe of my giving my Maſter Offence, and letting ſome imprudent and diſreſpectful Words eſcape me, for which I moſt humbly aſk your Pardon, Maſter.

[*To* Menæchmus *of* Epidamnum.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
Sure thou art mad! haſt thou forgot that this Day you landed with me at *Epidamnum?*

MESSENION.
Very true, Sir, —— Yes, without doubt 'tis you that are my Maſter? and as for you, young Gentleman, with the deceitful Appearance, you muſt ſeek another Slave. I muſt bid you adieu, my new Maſter, for I inſiſt upon it that this is the true *Menæchmus.*

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
And I inſiſt upon it, that 'tis I who am *Menæchmus.*

MI-

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

What Farce are we playing here? you are *Menæchmus*, you ſay?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Yes, I ſay I am *Menæchmus*, the Son of *Moſchus*, a Citizen of *Syracuſe*.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

How! are you the Son of my Father?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Not that I know of, young Man, I am the Son of my own Father, and in naming him I had no Deſign of claiming yours.

MESSENION.

Immortal Gods! accompliſh, I beſeech you, my Hope, although it be almoſt againſt Hope itſelf, yet oh! may it pleaſe you to confirm my Conjecture. Theſe two, if I am not deceived, are the twin Brothers of *Syracuſe*. I muſt conſult with my Maſter, Mr. *Menæchmus*.

Both.

What woudſt thou?

MESSENION.

I ſpeak but to one at a Time; anſwer me which of you two have wandered a long Time with me on the Sea?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Not I.

ME-

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

No certainly, for it was me.

MESSENION.

Then 'tis with you I wou'd ſpeak; be ſo good to come aſide with me.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Well, what haſt thou to ſay to me now?

MESSENION.

One of theſe two Things muſt certainly be true; either this Man is an Impoſtor, and a Cheat, or he is your twin Brother; for my Part I muſt confeſs, the more I examine him the more I am loſt in Aſtoniſhment, I never in my whole Life beheld a Man who ſo perfectly reſembled another as he does you; believe me, Sir, for of this I am a better Judge than you, one Drop of Water is not more like another; beſides, he ſays he is of the ſame City and Country as you are; therefore, if you think proper, we will interrogate him on ſome Facts.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

By *Hercules!* thy Advice is good, and I am much obliged to thee; go on I conjure thee in the Name of the Gods! to clear up this Affair, and if thou proveſt him to be my Brother, I will reward thee with Liberty.

MESSENION.

I am in great Hopes of being able to give you this Satisfaction, my Heart whiſpers Succeſs to me.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

I will patiently wait the Event.

MESSENION.

Well, Sir, you who would make us believe you to be *Menæchmus*, will you maintain it?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Yes, and I will ſay nothing but what is true.

MESSENION.

'Tis certain that my Maſter's Name is *Menæchmus*; you ſay you are of *Syracuſe*, in *Sicily*, in that City was he born; *Moſchus* you tell us was your Father, ſo was he my Maſter's; are you willing to give me your Aſſiſtance in clearing up this Matter, to the Satisfaction of you both?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Well doſt thou deſerve that I ſhould comply with all thy Demands, and although I am free, yet will I blindly obey thee as if thou hadſt bought me for thy Slave.

MESSENION.

I do not doubt but that you will be found to be the Twin Brothers of *Syracuſe*, born in one Day, of the ſame Father and Mother.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Your Words ſurprize me! you fill me with Aſtoniſhment and Joy. May the Gods grant that you may be able to prove this clearly to me.

ME-

MESSENION.

Well then, ſtand by each other, and both of you anſwer preciſely to the Queſtions I ſhall aſk you.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

Aſk what you pleaſe, I promiſe to anſwer you truly.

MESSENION.

Are you call'd *Menæchmus?*

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

'Tis my true and only Name.

MESSENION.

And yours alſo, Sir?

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Nothing is more certain.

MESSENION.

You declare yourſelf the Son of *Moſchus*, who when alive was a good and honeſt Citizen of *Syracuſe?*

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I repeat that Declaration.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

The ſame *Menæchmus* was my Father alſo.

MESSENION.

You are then a *Syracuſan?*

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

Certainly.

MES-

MESSENION.

And you alſo, my Maſter?

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

Yes, thou knoweſt it.

MESSENION.

Hitherto all goes Right, your Anſwers agree perfectly well, but for a greater Confirmation I beſeech you, Sir, the Citizen of *Epidamnum*, that you will be pleaſed to tell us what you remember at the greateſt Diſtance of Time.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

I remember that my Father took me with him to *Tarentum*, whither he went to trade; at our Arrival we ſtood to behold ſome Games that were celebrating, and I loſt my Father in the Croud, I wandered about, and at laſt fell into the Hands of a rich Citizen of this Place, who ſtole me away, and brought me here to *Epidamnum*.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

Supreme, and all powerful *Jupiter* bleſs me! and crown thy Work.

MESSENION.

Have Patience, Maſter, do not interrupt me. How old were you when your Father took you with him to *Tarentum*?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Seven Years; I remember I was then getting

ing new Teeth. After this Adventure happened to me I never more ſaw myFather.

MESSENION.

How many Brothers were of you in the Family?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

We were but two as I remember.

MESSENION.

Which of you was the eldeſt?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I think we were of the ſame Age.

MESSENION,

How can that be?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

'Tis not difficult to gueſs, we were Twins.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

The Gods at laſt are favourable!

MESSENION.

I aſſure you, Sir, if you interrupt me again I will not aſk him any more Queſtions, I will be ſilent.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

I had much rather be ſilent myſelf.

MESSENION.

There yet remains one Difficulty, which I

am

am afraid will not be eaſy to get over. How happens it that your Brother and you have the ſame Name?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I don't know that we have, as for myſelf I am called *Menæchmus*, and I was always called ſo, but my Brother had another Name, which if I remember right was *Soſicles.*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Ah! 'tis too much; one half of theſe Proofs had been ſufficient to convince me, I cannot any longer contain my fraternal Tenderneſs, I muſt embrace him, my dear Brother! my Twin Brother! I, I am *Soſicles.*

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

But why are you call'd *Menæchmus?*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

When the Family was inform'd that our Father was dead, and that you was loſt; our Grandfather, who always loved you more than me, ſuppreſt my Name, and gave me yours.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I believe all you tell me, one little Scruple remains, which I beg you to remove.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Moſt willingly; ſpeak!

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

What was our Mother's Name? Me-

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.
Theuſimarcha.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
The ſame! come to my Arms, my dear Brother, whom, for ſo many Years, I have not ſeen, and whom I never thought to have ſeen again! how happy has this unexpected Meeting made me?

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
And oh! how has it bleſt me! me, my dear Brother, who have ſought thee ſo long a Time with incredible Labour and Fatigues, but now they are all overpay'd.

MESSENION.
Now, Maſter, the Behaviour of the Courtezan is explained; ſhe called you by your Name, and invited you to Dinner, believing you to be your Brother.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
By the Temple of *Pollux!* I had ordered her to prepare a Repaſt, and intended to dine with her, nay, I gave her a Robe, which I ſtole to Day from my Wife.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.
Is not this the Robe you ſpeak of, Brother?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
By what Chance did it come into your Poſſeſſion?

ME-

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

The Woman who lives in that Houſe, invited me to dine with her; ſhe aſſured me that I had given her this Habit; I was very well entertained, eat and drank plentifully, and to compleat my good Fortune, brought the Robe away with me.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

By the Temple of *Pollux!* I am rejoiced that you fared ſo well upon my Account; this Creature, when ſhe invited you in, certainly miſtook you for me.

MESSENION.

Well, the Affair is now finiſh'd, I have fulfilled my Engagement, 'tis now your Turn, Sir, to perform your Promiſe, by giving me my Liberty.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

His Demand is too juſt, and reaſonable, to be refuſed, come Brother, make him free for my ſake.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

You are in the right, my Brother, to believe that your Mediation muſt be dear to me. Well, *Meſſenion*, to comply with my Promiſe, and more eſpecially to gratif my other Self, I make you free from this Inſtant.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I ſincerely congratulate thee, *Meſſenion*, on thy Liberty.

MES-

MESSENION.

May the Gift be made me under happier Auſpices than it was before, that my Liberty may be as durable as my Life!

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

Since we have thus happily met, contrary to all Expectation, I intreat you, Brother, to quit *Epidamnum*, and let us return together to our dear Country.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

I will do whatever you pleaſe from henceforward. I hope our Inclinations will be as like as our Perſons. All my Poſſeſſions here ſhall be ſold; in the mean Time let me make you known to my Friends, and find out, if poſſible, ſome Means of diſtinguiſhing us from each other; come walk into my Houſe.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

With all my Heart, I'll follow you every where.

MESSENION.

Stay, Gentlemen, I have a Favour to beg of you, be ſo kind as to prefer the Office of public Crier on this Occaſion upon me.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

'Tis granted.

MESSENION.

If you pleaſe then I will begin from this Time

Time to publiſh the Sale, on what Day ſhall I fix it?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

The ſeventh.

MESSENION.

On the ſeventh Day from this in the Morning will be ſold, all the Goods moveable and immoveable, of Mr. *Menæchmus*, his Eſtates, Slaves, and Houſhold Furniture, for ready Money only, and if a Purchaſer can be found for her, he will alſo ſell his Wife. The whole will certainly amount to no leſs than two Hundred Thouſand Crowns. And now farewel, Spectators, favour us with your Applauſe.

End of the Fifth and laſt Act.

OBSERVATIONS *on the Uſe* Shakeſpear *has made of the* Menæchmus *of* Plautus, *in his* Comedy of Errors.

SHAKESPEAR's *Comedy of Errors* has been generally allowed to be founded on the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*. Mr. *Langbain*, in his Account of the Dramatic Poets, ſays that if it be not a juſt Tranſlation of it, it is at leaſt a Paraphraſe, and in his Opinion far beyond a Tranſlation, called *Menæchmus*, Printed at *London*, 1593.

From this Tranſlation of *Plautus*'s *Menæchmi*, *Shakeſpear* certainly borrowed his *Comedy of Errors*; but not being able to procure a Copy of it, and being wholly unacquainted with the *Latin* Tongue, I have turned Monſieur *Gueudiville*'s *French* Tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* into *Engliſh*, which although, as I am informed, it be not very literal as to the Dialogue, yet the Plot, the Incidents, and Characters, being exactly the ſame with the *Latin* Poet's, it will ſerve to ſhew how much of the Plot *Shakeſpear* has borrowed in his *Comedy of Errors*.

That we may be the better able to trace him in his Imitations, it will be neceſſary to examine the *Comedy of Errors* Scene by Scene, and take the Story a little higher than the Commencement of the Action of the Play.

The Cities of *Syracuſe* and *Epheſus* being at War with each other, a Law was made in both, by which it was provided, that if any *Epheſian* Merchant was ſeen to traffic in *Syracuſe*, or any *Syracuſan* Merchant in *Epheſus*, his Goods ſhould be confiſcated, and himſelf condemned to Death.

An old Merchant of *Syracuſe*, named *Ægeon*, landing at *Epheſus*, is apprehended upon this Law.

Here the Action of the Play begins, as *Ægeon* is leading to Priſon, the Duke of *Epheſus* meeting him, demands the Cauſe of his having left his native Country, and coming to *Epheſus*; *Ægeon* thereupon gives a long Account of himſelf and his Family, which, in order to underſtand well the following Incidents, I will tranſcribe.

In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a Woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our Hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in Joy, our Wealth increas'd,
By proſperous Voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*, 'till my Factor's Death;

And

And he great Store of Goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kind Embracements of my Spouſe;
From whom my Abſence was not ſix Months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing Puniſhment that Women bear)
Had made Proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon and ſafe arrived where I was.

There ſhe had not been long but ſhe became,
A joyful Mother of two goodly Sons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by Names.

That very Hour, and in the ſelf-ſame Inn,
A poor mean Woman was deliver'd
Of ſuch a Burthen, Male-Twins both alike:
Thoſe (for their Parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my Sons.

My Wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch Boys,
Made daily Motions for our home Return:
Unwilling I agreed, alas! too ſoon!
We came aboard.

A League from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
Before the always-Wind-obeying Deep,
Gave any tragic Inſtance of our Harm;

But longer did we not retain much Hope:
For what obſcured Light the Heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful Minds,
A doubtful Warrant of immediate Death;
Which though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant Weeping of my Wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous Plainings of the pretty Babes
That mourn'd for Faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek Delays for them and me:
And this it was (for other Means were none)
The Sailors ſought for Safety by our Boat,
And left the Ship then ſinking-ripe to us;
My Wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare Maſt,
Such as Sea-faring Men provide for Storms;
To him one of the other Twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.

The Children thus diſpos'd, my Wife and I
Fixing our Eyes on whom our Care was fixt,
Faſten'd ourſelves at the End of either Maſt,
And floating ſtreight, obedient to the Stream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.

At length the Sun gazing upon the Earth,
Diſperſt thoſe Vapours that offended us;
And by the Benefit of his wiſh'd Light,
The Seas wax'd calm, and we diſcover'd
Two Ships from far making amain to us;
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidauris* this;

But

But ere they came——Oh! let me ſay no more;
Gather the Sequel by what went before.

DUKE.

Nay, forward, old Man, do not break off ſo,
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

ÆGEON.

Oh! had the Gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the Ships could meet by twice five Leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty Rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpleſs Ship was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that in this unjuſt Divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.

Her Part, poor Soul! ſeeming as burden'd
With leſſer Weight, but not with leſſer Woe,
Was carry'd with more Speed before the Wind,
And in our Sight they three were taken up
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.

At length the other Ship had ſeiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their Hap to ſave,
Gave helpful Welcome to their ſhipwreck'd Gueſts,
And would have reſt the Fiſhers of their Prey,

Had not their Bark been very ſlow of Sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their
Courſe.

Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my
Bliſs.
Thus by Misfortunes was my Life prolong'd,
To tell ſad Stories of my own Miſhaps.

DUKE.

And for the Sakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt
for,
Do me the Favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

ÆGEON.

My youngeſt Boy, and yet my eldeſt Care,
At eighteen Years became inquiſitive
After his Brother, and importun'd me
That his Attendant, (for his Caſe was like,
Reft of his Brother, but retain'd his Name,)
Might bear him Company in queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd for a Love to ſee,
I hazarded the Loſs of whom I lov'd.

Five Summers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the Bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hapleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any Place that harbours Men.
But here muſt end the Story of my Life;
And happy were I in my timely Death,
Could all my Travels warrant me they live.

Here

Here ends the firſt Scene; the Appearance of *Ægeon* is of no other Uſe than to tell the Spectators ſeveral Circumſtances antecedent to the Action of the Play, which it is neceſſary they ſhould be acquainted with; this *Plautus* does in his Prologue.

The Story, though borrowed from *Plautus*, is yet very different; the Circumſtance of two Brothers being ſo extremely like each other, that it was impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them, is highly improbable in the *Latin* Poet.

Shakeſpear however doubles the Miracle, and preſents us with two Pair of Twins inſtead of one, with the ſame wonderful Reſemblance.

Plautus accounts very naturally for the Brothers having both the ſame Name; the Grandfather upon the Loſs of the eldeſt, whom he loved beſt, to preſerve the Remembrance of him, gives his Name to the youngeſt.

Shakeſpear, without aſſigning any Reaſon for it, makes the Twin Sons of *Ægeon* be both called *Antipholis*, and the Twin Brothers, their Slaves, both *Dromio*.

The Separation of the Huſband and Wife, and their Children, from whence all the diverting Miſtakes in the *Comedy of Errors* ariſe, is brought about without the leaſt Regard to Probability.

Ægeon ſails from *Syracuſe* to *Epidamnum*, to ſettle his Affairs there, which were left in Confuſion by the Death of his Factor, and his Wife, though near the Time of her Lying-in, follows him, for no Reaſon indeed but to be delivered at an Inn, where a poor Woman, who like her, having born two Male Twins, ſhe may buy them for Slaves to her own Sons; and that returning to *Syracuſe* they may be ſhipwrecked, and ſeparated from each other.

When the Storm ariſes the Merchant and his Wife, who, as it ſhou'd ſeem, have a View to the diverting Perplexities which are to follow, faſten one *Antipholis*, and one *Dromio* together, ſo when the Ship ſplits they are very conveniently ſeparated. Had they, like other fond Parents, been more ſollicitous for the Preſervation of their own Offspring than their little Slaves, and uſed their joint Endeavours for that Purpoſe only, the Father and Mother, and their Twin Sons, might have been all taken up together by the *Corinthian* Veſſel, but thus equally dividing their Affection between their Children and their Slaves, and that excellent Contrivance of faſtening a Twin of each Sort together, occaſioned their falling into different Hands, and gave to each *Antipholis* his *Dromio*, for the future Buſineſs of the Play.

The Mother and the elder *Antipholis* being ſeparated, he and his little Slave *Dromio* are

are carried to *Epheſus*, where in Proceſs of Time he is married to a rich Lady, and ſettles there: Here the younger *Antipholis* comes to ſeek for his Brother, and his Father afterwards for him; the old Man is immediately ſeized, and condemned to die, as has been mentioned, but the Duke reſpites him for the Space of one Day, in order to try if he can raiſe the Sum of one Thouſand Marks to buy his Life.

In the ſecond Scene *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* makes his Appearance with the Merchant of the City, who informing him of what had happened to the *Syracuſan* Merchant, adviſes him to give out that he came from *Epidamnum.*

Antipholis of *Syracuſe* ſends his Man, *Dromio*, with a Thouſand Marks to lay up ſafe at his Inn, and being left to himſelf, declares the Cauſe of his wandering about the World to be the Hopes of finding his Mother and Brother, whoſe Loſs he deplores. While he is ſtanding in the Street, *Dromio* of *Epheſus* comes up to him, and taking him for his Maſter, tells him his Dinner is ready, and that his Wife waits for him.

Antipholis, deceived by the Reſemblance, ſuppoſes this *Dromio* to be his Slave, reproves him for his ill timed Jeſts, and aſks him where he had left his Money? *Dromio* talks of Sixpence he had given him two or three Days ago.

Antipholis aſks for his Thouſand Marks? *Dromio* tells him of his Dinner, his Houſe, his Wife, and preſſes him to come home. *Antipholis* at laſt, in a Fury, ſtrikes him, *Dromio* runs off, and *Antipholis*, full of Uneaſineſs about his Money, returns to his Inn to look after it.

In the ſecond Act the Scene is the Houſe of *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, his Wife complains to her Siſter of her Huſband's long Stay, and wonders the Slave ſhe ſent for him is not returned. *Dromio* then enters, and humorouſly repeats what had paſt between his ſuppoſed Maſter and him, declaring that he believes him to be mad, the Wife frets, and orders him to go back again and fetch him.

The Scene changes again to the Street, *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* enters, and informs the Audience that his Money is ſafe, and adds,

" By Computation, and mine Hoſt's Report
" I cou'd not ſpeak with *Dromio* ſince at firſt
" I ſent him from the Mart."

Yet notwithſtanding this Reflexion, the Moment his own Slave, *Dromio* of *Syracuſe*, appears, he reproaches him with his having denied receiving his Gold, and with talking to him about his Wife, and a Dinner; and though the poor Fellow aſſures him that he never ſpoke ſuch Words to him, and had not

ſeen

ſeen him ſince he ſent him to the Inn till now, yet *Antipholis* falls into a Rage, and beats him.

A Dialogue of Puns and Quibbles enſues between the Maſter and Man, which is interrupted by the Entrance of *Adriana*, the Wife of *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, and her Siſter.

Adriana, taking this *Antipholis*, and this *Dromio*, for her Huſband and his Slave, reproaches him with his Neglect of her, and intreats him to come home to dinner.

Antipholis proteſts he does not know her, and that he is but juſt arrived at *Epheſus*; the Siſter chides him, and tells him his Wife had ſent for him home to Dinner by *Dromio*. *Dromio* is ſurpriſed, and denies it. *Antipholis*, who had had that Meſſage delivered to him by the other *Dromio*, ſtorms at the Slave for lying, the Fellow aſſures him he had never ſeen her. *Antipholis* aſks how ſhe could be acquainted with their Names if he had not ſeen her before, and informed her of them. *Adriana*, vexed at this Jeſting, as ſhe thinks it, intreats *Antipholis* to go home with her, and charges *Dromio* to keep the Gate for that Day, and let no one in to interrupt them.

Antipholis, though amazed to the laſt Degree at all this, reſolves at laſt to

" Say

" Say as they ſay, and perſevere ſo,
" And in this Miſt at all Adventures go."

In the third Act, the Scene is the Street before the Houſe of *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*. *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, and his Slave *Dromio*, with a Merchant and a Goldſmith, whom *Antipholis* has invited to dine at his Houſe enter.

Antipholis, fearing leſt his Wife ſhould be angry at his long Stay, deſires the Jeweller to excuſe it, by ſaying that he lingered at his Houſe ſeeing the making of her Bracelet, and chides his Man for having dared to tell him he met him on the Mart, and charged him with a Thouſand Marks in Gold, and with having denied his Wife and Houſe. He then knocks at his Door, but is refuſed Entrance.

Adriana, who ſuppoſes her Huſband is dining with her above, is ſurpriſed at the Fellow below, who calls her Wife, and inſiſts upon Admittance, and renews her Orders to *Dromio* of *Syracuſe* to keep the Door ſhut.

A ſmart Dialogue follows between the two *Dromio*'s, the one within Doors and the other without; the Huſband and his Gueſts not being ſuffered to enter, he reſolves to go and dine with a Courtezan at the *Porcupine*, and deſires the Jeweller to bring the Gold Chain thither to him, that as he ſays, he may, to ſpight his Wife, beſtow it upon the Courtezan, and accordingly they all go off.

In

In the next Scene *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* makes Love to *Luciana*, Siſter to *Adriana*, ſhe upbraids him with his Falſhood to his Wife; he ſwears he is not married to her Siſter, and that he cannot be happy without her. *Luciana* threatens to acquaint his Wife with his Treachery, and leaves him.

His Slave, *Dromio*, then enters, and *Antipholis*, from the ſtrange Accidents that had happened both to himſelf and his Slave, believing the Place inhabited by Witches, reſolves to be gone immediately, and orders *Dromio* to go to the Harbour, and bring him Intelligence if any Bark was to ſail that Night, telling him he will walk in the Mart till his Return.

Dromio goes away to perform his Commiſſion; and the ſame Moment the Jeweller, *Angelo*, enters with the Chain, and gives it to *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe*, whom he takes for the other.

Antipholis denies that he had ever ordered ſuch a Chain to be made, but the Jeweller inſiſting that he had, and telling him that he will call in the Evening at his Houſe for the Money: *Antipholis* offers to pay him immediately, leſt, as he ſays, he ſhould never ſee the Chain or Money more, which the Jeweller refuſing, and leaving him, *Antipholis* goes to the Mart to wait for *Dromio*, which ends the third Act.

In

In the fourth Act a Merchant, to whom the Goldſmith, *Angelo*, owes a Sum of Money, demands inſtant Payment, or threatens to arreſt him by an Officer, whom he has with him. *Angelo* tells him *Antipholis* owed him juſt as much Money as he was indebted to him for a Gold Chain, which he had delivered to him a Moment ago, and deſired him to go with him to his Houſe to receive the Money for it.

Antipholis of *Epheſus*, and his Slave, *Dromio*, enter, as from the Houſe of the Courtezan, where they had dined. *Antipholis* orders *Dromio* to go and buy a Rope's-end, that he may chaſtiſe his Wife, he ſays, for locking him out of Doors, and that in the mean Time he will go to the Goldſmith; but ſeeing him, he reproaches him with not bringing the Chain as he had promiſed.

Angelo deſires him to pay the Money for the Chain to the Merchant there preſent, to whom he owes as much. *Antipholis* replies, that he has not ſo much Money about him, but bids the Jeweller take the Gentleman and Chain to his Houſe, and his Wife would pay for it. *Angelo* ſays he gave him the Chain, and preſſes him to pay for it. *Autipholis* denies it. The Merchant, weary of this Altercation, arreſts the Jeweller, and he arreſts *Antipholis*.

Dromio of *Syracuſe* then enters, and taking *Antipholis* of *Epheſus* for his Maſter, tells him that a Ship is ready to ſail, and that he had carried

carried their Baggage on board as he commanded him. *Antipholis* calls him a Madman, and aſks him for the Rope's-end, which he had ſent him to buy: *Dromio* tells him he ſent him to the Bay to ſee if any Bark was ready to ſail, not for a Rope.

Antipholis, in a Paſſion, threatens him with future Puniſhment, and then orders him to go to *Adriana*, tell her he was arreſted in the Street, and give her the Key of his Deſk, and bid her ſend the Purſe of Ducats that was in it to him. *Dromio* remembers that *Adriana* is the Lady with whom they had dined, and accordingly he goes thither, tells her what had happened, and ſhe diſpatches him away with the Gold.

The Scene then changes to the Street, *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* enters alone, and a Moment after *Dromio* of *Syracuſe* meets him, and gives him the Purſe. *Antipholis*, full of Wonder, queſtions his Man about it, and he talking enigmatically of Arreſts and Durance, *Antipholis* thinks him diſtracted, and prays earneſtly to be delivered out of that City.

The Courtezan then enters, and ſeeing the Gold Chain about *Antipholis*'s Neck, whom ſhe takes for *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, who had dined with her, ſhe requires him to perform his Promiſe, and give her the Chain inſtead of the Diamond Ring he had taken from her. *Antipholis* flies from her, and *Dromio* follows.

The

The Courtezan, from this ſtrange Behaviour, concluding him mad, reſolves to go to his Houſe, and tell *Adriana* that he had forcibly taken her Ring from her, hoping to recover it again by this Means. She goes out, and *Antipholis* of *Epheſus* enters with the Jaylor, whom he had deſired to accompany him to his own Houſe for Money to releaſe him. As they are going thither *Dromio* of *Epheſus* returns with the Rope he had been ſent to buy; his Maſter aſks him for the Money he went to fetch from *Adriana*. *Dromio* proteſts he had been ſent not for Money, but for a Rope's-end. *Antipholis*, violently enraged, beats him, and whilſt he is thus employed, his Wife, whom the Courtezan had alarmed with an Account of his being mad, enters with one *Pinch*, a Conjurer, whom ſhe employed to cure her Huſband of his Frenzy.

Antipholis growing furious at this Treatment, his Wife calls for People to bind him, the Jaylor oppoſes it, he being his Priſoner, but upon *Adriana*'s promiſing to pay him, he ſuffers *Antipholis* to be carried off: And as *Adriana* is going out with the reſt, *Antipholis* and *Dromio* of *Syracuſe* enters with their Swords drawn, and they ſuppoſing him to be the *Antipholis* who they had juſt before ſent away bound, crying out for Help, and *Antipholis* and *Dromio* again ſet out for the Port.

In

In the fifth Act the Scene is a Street before a Priory, the Jeweller, and Merchant who arreſted him appear, and while they are diſcourſing about *Antipholis*'s denying that he received the Chain, *Antipholis* and *Dromio* of *Syracuſe* enter. *Angelo*, ſeeing him with the Chain about his Neck, reproaches him with having denied the Receipt of it, and refuſing to pay for it. *Antipholis* proteſts he neither denied the one or the other; the Merchant hereupon taxes him with Faſhood, *Antipholis* draws his Sword, and as the Merchant and he are fighting, *Adriana* enters, cries out that he is mad, and orders ſome People ſhe had brought with her to bind both him and *Dromio*, and carry them home. *Antipholis* and *Dromio* to avoid this, take Shelter in the Monaſtery, and immediately the Lady Abbeſs appears, and demands the Cauſe of the others thronging thither.

Adriana tells her that her Huſband, who ran into her Houſe, is mad, and that ſhe wants to have him fetched from thence, and carried home. The Abbeſs, after cunningly queſtioning her concerning her Behaviour to her Huſband, and taking Advantage of her Anſwers, to prove that ſhe had occaſioned his Diſorders, declares that ſhe will not let him depart, but undertake the Cure herſelf.

The Duke that Moment, who is attending the Execution of old *Ægeon*, enters, and *Adriana*, throwing herſelf at his Feet, demands

mands Juſtice againſt the Abbeſs, whom ſhe accuſes of keeping her Huſband from her, and recounts all the mad Actions he had been guilty of that Day. The Duke ſends to bid the Lady Abbeſs come out and anſwer to this Accuſation, and in the mean Time a Servant of *Adriana*'s enters, and tells her that his Maſter and *Dromio*, who had been left bound at home, had broken looſe, and committed the moſt terrible Outrages on the Doctor and Servants at home. *Adriana*, who had ſeen him, as ſhe thought, go into the Priory a few Minutes before, inſiſts upon it that this Report is falſe, when immediately *Antipholis* and *Dromio* of *Epheſus* enter.

Antipholis complains to the Duke of his Wife's having locked him out of Doors; ſhe declares that he had dined with her that Day; *Antipholis* goes on to relate all that had happened to him. The Jeweller, the Merchant, the Courtezan, his Wife, and her Siſter, having been all deceived by the Reſemblance of the two *Antipholis*'s, charge the one they are ſpeaking to with all that had paſſed between them and the other; this occaſions a great deal of Confuſion and Perplexity. Old *Ægeon*, on ſeeing *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, and taking him for his Son *Antipholis*, whom he had parted from ſeven Years before in the Port of *Syracuſe*, tells the Duke that he has now found a Friend who will pay his Fine, and ſave his Life, and accordingly goes up to him, and naming him, aſks him if he does not know his Father.

Antipholis

Antipholis proteſts he never ſaw him before; the old Man reminds him that it is ſeven Years ſince they parted at *Syracuſe*, and deplores his own Miſery in having been ſo ſoon forgotten by his own Son. *Antipholis* tells him he never ſaw his Father in his Life, nor was ever in *Syracuſe*, which the Duke confirmed.

In the midſt of this new Perplexity the Abbeſs enters with *Antipholis* and *Dromio* of *Syracuſe*, all ſtand amazed at the exact Likeneſs of the two Gentlemen, and their Slaves; the Abbeſs ſpying *Ægeon*, owns herſelf to be *Emilia*, his Wife, the Mother of thoſe two *Antipholis*'s, and informs him that ſhe and the elder *Antipholis*, with the Twin *Dromio*, were taken out of the Sea by Men of *Epidamnum*, but that ſome Fiſhermen of *Corinth* took away her Son and *Dromio*, and left her with the *Epidamnians*, that what became of them afterwards ſhe never knew, but that herſelf arrived to the Fortune of being Abbeſs of that Priory.

The two *Antipholis*'s being now diſcovered, all the Miſtakes which aroſe from their Reſemblance are cleared up, *Ægeon* has his Life given him by the Duke, and they all go into the Priory to diſcourſe more at large upon their ſeveral Fortunes.

The Unity of Time is exactly obſerved in the *Comedy of Errors*; the Incidents of this

Play take up the Space of one Day like thoſe of the *Menæchmi*; but the Action which in the laſt is ſingle, and the moſt ſimple that can poſſibly be, is by *Shakeſpear* multiplied into ſeveral, ſome of which are far from being either probable or neceſſary. He has taken all the Characters in the *Menæchmi*, except *Peniculus* the Paraſite, and the old Man, Father-in-law to *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, and has added ſeveral others; every one of the Incidents he has likewiſe made Uſe of, but varied and added Circumſtances ſo freely, that his Play ſeems to be rather an Imitation, than, as *Langbain* calls it, a Tranſlation or Paraphraſe of the *Menæchmi*.

The Addition of the two *Dromio*'s increaſes the Buſineſs of the Play, but renders the Object ſtill more improbable, which is ſufficiently ſo in the *Menæchmi*, where but half the Degree of Credulity is neceſſary to make it be reliſhed.

The Miſtakes which ariſe from the Reſemblance of the Twins, are conducted with much leſs Art by *Shakeſpear* than *Plautus*.

In the *Latin* Poet all appears the Effects of Chance, in *Shakeſpear* of Deſign; the Perſons in his Drama are hardly ever introduced with Propriety; they appear on the Stage, and go off again, evidently for no other Purpoſe than to give Occaſion for the Blunders which enſue.

Thus *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* being reſolved to leave *Epheſus*, ſends *Dromio* to the Port to ſee if any Veſſel is ready to ſail, and bids him come to him to the Mart, where he will wait his Return, accordingly they ſeparate, and it may now be reaſonably ſuppoſed that *Antipholis* is gone thither, but inſtead of that we find him a Scene or two afterwards ſtanding in the ſame Place, where he is met either by the Wife, the Friends, or the Servants of the other *Antipholis*; and after having with great Difficulty diſengaged himſelf from abundance of perplexing Adventures, again he declares he is going to the Mart, and goes off for that Purpoſe, and again he is found in the ſame Place to give Riſe to new ones.

In this Manner the whole Buſineſs of the *Comedy of Errors* is conducted. Thoſe Errors do not as in the Play, which *Shakeſpear* borrowed from, ariſe out of a natural and probable Succeſſion of Incidents, but every Thing is put out of its Courſe to introduce them, and each Error is produced by an Abſurdity.

The Story of Amleth, *tranſlated from the* Daniſh *Hiſtory of* Saxo-Grammaticus.

IN the Reign of *Roderic*, *Horwendil* and *Fengo*, Sons of *Gerwendil*, had the Garriſon of *Jutland* committed to them by the King. *Horwendil* was the braveſt Pirate on the Sea, and for the Fame of his Exploits envied by *Coller*, King of *Norway*, who ſailed in purſuit of his Rival; they met, they fought, and the King was ſlain.

The Encounter of theſe Heroes, with the extraordinary Manner of their Meeting each other alone in the Receſſes of a Wood, with other Circumſtances as improbable as any in Romance, are related in the true Stile of ſuch Writings, by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, in the third Book of his *Daniſh* Hiſtory.

After the Death of *Coller*, and his Siſter *Selam*, *Horwendil*, having for three Years given the greateſt Proofs of Valour, deſtines his rich Spoils and choice Prey for *Roderic*, that he might riſe in his Friendſhip. Grown familiar, he obtains his Daughter, *Geruth*, in Marriage, and by her had a Son, *Amleth*.

Fengo, fired with Envy at his Brother's Happineſs, is reſolved, by Treachery, to ruin him. So that Virtue is not always ſecure againſt the Deſigns of ſuch as are the neareſt to, and the moſt intimate with us. For when an Opportunity offered to commit Fratricide, he with bloody Hand ſatiates the dire Luſt of his Heart, poiſoned with Envy; and enjoying the Wife of his murdered Brother, adds foul Inceſt to his Fratricide. He who ſubmits to one Offence too readily offends again, for one Crime is often the Provocation to another.

He contrived this Villany with ſuch Art and Impudence as to frame an Excuſe for his Guilt from counterfeit Benevolence, and give to Fratricide the Colour of Love. *Geruth* was of ſo mild a Diſpoſition as never to give the leaſt Offence, and yet he ſaid ſhe had incurred the ſevereſt Hatred of her Huſband, and that he had killed his Brother for her ſake, and to ſave her, thinking it ungenerous ſo gentle a Lady, and without Gall, ſhould endure the extream Moroſeneſs of that Man.

His Succeſs was equal to his Wiſhes, for Princes may be deceived, and made to believe Untruths

Untruths in Courts where Buffoonery is ſometimes favoured, and malicious Detraction honoured. *Fengo* heſitated not with murderous Hands to embrace a Brother's Wife, and with equal Villany commits a double Impiety.

Amleth ſees this, but that he might not raiſe Suſpicions in his Uncle by an overprudent Care for his own Safety, puts on the Guiſe of Folly, and feigns himſelf diſtracted, and by this Sort of Device he not only covers his Deſign, but ſaves himſelf. He lazily ſtretched himſelf out every Day before his Mother's Hearth, rolling on the Ground, and covering himſelf with Filth; his Face diſcoloured and beſmeared with Gore and Naſtineſs, preſented the ridiculous Extravagance of a Natural. Whatever he ſaid was like the Ravings of a Madman; whatever Action he performed ſavoured of extream Ignorance. In ſhort, you would not ſay he was a Man, but a ridiculous Monſter, produced by Fortune in a Frenzy.

Sometimes ſitting by the Fire, and raking the Embers with his Hand, he would make wooden Hooks, and harden them in the Fire, and faſten the Ends within one another, that they might hold more firmly together; and when aſked what he was about, would ſay he made ſharp Spikes to revenge his Father.

He was not a little laughed at for this Anſwer. The Vanity of ſuch a ridiculous Performance was treated with Contempt by all,

though it afterwards was of Uſe to him in the Proſecution of his Deſign.

This Ingenuity gave to thoſe of better Judgment the firſt Suſpicion of his Subtilty. The latent Ability of the Workman for greater Matters was ſeen by his Skill in leſſer ones. Nor could it be thought that his Senſes were impaired, who by the Work of his Hands diſcovered ſuch ingenious Artifice. Beſides, he preſerved his Heap of Brands that he had burnt at the Points to make them hard with the greateſt Care.

There were thoſe, who aſſerting that he was of uncommon Strength and Quickneſs of Parts, that he hid his good Senſe under the Pretence of Folly, and covered the deep Deſign of his Mind with crafty Invention, and that his Advice could not be more readily diſcovered than by introducing to him at any Time in his Receſſes a beautiful Woman, who might call forth his Mind to the Allurements of Love.

So prone is Nature to the Paſſion of Love, that no Artifice can diſguiſe it, and it is too violent to be interrupted by Policy. And therefore, if his Ignorance were counterfeit he would, when Occaſion offered, yield Obedience to the Power of Love.

Certain Companions therefore are employed, who ſhould engage him to ride to diſtant

Parts

Parts of the Foreſt, and try him with that Temptation.

Amongſt them there happened to be a Youth, who had the ſame Nurſe with *Amleth*, and ſtill preſerved in his Heart the Regard that naturally ariſes in thoſe who are brought up together.

He preferring the Remembrance of former Fellowſhip to the preſent Charge, attends upon *Amleth*, with the reſt of his appointed Comrades, with a Purpoſe to inform rather than betray him; which he could not doubt would happen at laſt if he diſcovered the leaſt Sign of a ſound Mind, and eſpecially if he ſhould openly indulge the Paſſion of Love.

Which was no Secret to *Amleth* himſelf; for when commanded to get on Horſeback he purpoſely ſeats himſelf ſo as to turn his Back to the Horſe's Head, and face his Tail, to which he began to apply the Bridle, as if he was by that Part to govern the Speed of his Horſe. By means of this Contrivance he baffles the Deſign of his Uncle, and defeats his Arts. It was very ridiculous to ſee the Horſe go forward without the uſual Check of the Reins, the Rider directing only the Tail.

Amleth in the Way met with a Wolf amongſt the Trees; his Companions ſaying they had met with a young Horſe, he replied there were few ſuch in *Fengo*'s Troops; by

this modeſt and witty Prevarication he rallied the Riches of his Uncle.

When they added that he had made a ſenſible Anſwer; he affirmed that he intended that he might ſo to do, not in any Degree ſeem to favour a Falſhood. For deſiring to be thought incapable of lying, he blended Craft and Truth together that he might not ſeem entirely to deviate from Veracity in whatever he ſaid, nor diſcover the Richneſs of his Parts by too much Exactneſs.

Paſſing along the Shore, when his Companions found the Rudder of a ſhip-wrecked Veſſel, they ſaid they had found a Knife of prodigious Size: It is therefore fit, ſays he, to cut up a large Ham, meaning the Sea indeed, to which the Size of the Rudder did well agree. Paſſing alſo by the ſandy Clifts, and being directed to look upon the Beach, as if it were Corn, he ſaid the ſame was ground by the foaming Billows of the Sea. This Anſwer being commended by his Attendant, he aſſured them it was diſcreetly ſaid by him.

Being left by them on Purpoſe, that he might with greater Freedom indulge his Luſt, in a private Place he meets a Girl, ſent by his Uncle, as if it were by Chance, and would have lain with her, had not the Foſter-brother warned him of the Snare by a ſecret kind of Information.

For

For he, conſidering how he might beſt diſcharge the Office of an unknown Monitor to his Friend, and prevent the Danger of his wanton Appetite, fixed a Straw he found on the Ground in the Tail of a Buzze, or Bee, flying by, and drove him towards the Place where he knew *Amleth* was. By this Act he conferred the greateſt Benefit on the unguarded Youth.

Nor was this Notice more cunningly conveyed than readily underſtood; for *Amleth* ſeeing the Fly, and the Straw that he carried in his Tail, and having carefully conſidered it to be a tacit Admonition to beware of Frauds: Alarmed therefore with the Suſpicion of injurious Deſigns againſt him, that he might more ſecurely indulge his Wiſhes, he catching the Girl in his Arms, carries her a conſiderable Diſtance into a Marſh, and unfrequented, and after Enjoyment earneſtly intreats her not to declare it to any one.

With equal Concern therefore is Silence urged and obtained. For their being brought up together under the ſame Guardians from their Infancy, produced the greateſt Familiarity between her and *Amleth*.

Upon his Return home, being aſked by every one whether he had gratified his Luſt, he owned he had lain with the Girl. Being aſked again in what Place he had done it, or what Pillow he had uſed, anſwered, The Hoof

of an Animal that carries a Burthen, § the Comb of a Cock, and under an arched Roof. He had put all theſe Particulars, when under Trial, that he might avoid the telling a Lie. This Account excited much Laughter in thoſe about him, although, for the Jeſt ſake, he did not diminiſh any Thing of the Truth.

The Girl alſo being queſtioned (kept her Word with him) and declared he had done nothing. Credit is given her, and the rather, as it appeared that his Guards knew nothing of the matter. Then he who had marked the Buzze for a Token, to ſhew that the Safety of *Amleth* was owing to his Conceit, ſaid that he was lately the only one who took Care of him, and that the young Man's Anſwer was to the Purpoſe.

Nor was the Merit of the Token forgot: he related how he ſaw the little Carrier of the Straw with haſty Flight paſſing near him, and that the Straw was ſtuck in the hinder Parts of his Body. As this Relation excited greater Laughter in the reſt, the Friend of *Amleth* was no leſs delighted with his Prudence.

All of them being defeated, and unable to gain Admittance into the Secrets of this young Man's Stratagems; one of the Friends of *Fengo*, more preſumptuous than politic, deni-

§ Oeſtrus or Oeſtrum has a double Signification, either a Gad-bee as above, or a Coxcomb, as in this Place.

ed

ed that this unextricable Scheme of Subtilty could be unravelled by common Artifice; for he was too obſtinate to be moved by Trials of little Moment: An ordinary manner of Trial would not reach ſuch Variety of Craft. But he had diſcovered by ſuperior Sagacity a more ſubtle Manner of trying him, not improper for Execution, but moſt effectual for the Diſcovery of the Thing propoſed.

The Scheme was this, "That *Fengo* ſhould under the Pretence of Buſineſs of great Conſequence withdraw himſelf, and *Amleth* be ſhut up with his Mother alone in her Apartment, Care being taken to have a Man, who unknown to either of them, ſhould be placed in ſome ſecret Part of the Room unſeen, to hear attentively whatever paſſed in Converſation between them. For if the Son was really in his Senſes he would have no Difficulty in ſpeaking freely to a Mother's Ear, nor miſtruſt the Fidelity of her that bore him. And that he might not ſeem more forward to adviſe than ready to execute, he deſired himſelf to be the Spy.

Fengo approved the Scheme, and ſets out with the Pretence of taking a long Journey.

Mean while the Projector having privately ſtole to the Chamber where *Amleth* and his Mother were, lay hid under the Matt of the Bed.

But *Amleth* was not the Dupe of this Treachery. For ſuſpecting that he might be overheard by ſome officious Liſtener, he has at firſt Recourſe to his accuſtomed Folly, and imitates the crowing of a Cock, and flapping his Arms as if they were Wings, he jumps up and down upon the Bed to try if any Thing lay hid there. And when he found a Maſs under his Feet he examined the Place with his Sword, and ſtabs the Man who was underneath, and dragging him forth put him to Death. Cutting the Body in Pieces, he boils them, and pours them out through the Sewer to be devoured by the Hogs.

And thus was the miſerable Body rendered undiſtinguiſhable from the Dung of the Stye.

Having eſcaped this Snare, he returns to his Mother's Apartment, and when ſhe with great Lamentation and Tears began to bemoan the want of Underſtanding in her Son now preſent, "Why; O! worſt of Women, ſays he, doſt thou endeavour to diſguiſe the fouleſt Crime under a falſe Species of Wailing? Thou, who ſporting with the Wantonneſs of a Strumpet, and yielding to the vile and impious Condition of your ſecond Marriage, embrace in your inceſtuous Boſom the Murderer of your Huſband, and fawn upon, and pleaſe with lewdeſt Tranſport the very Man who put to death the Father of your Offspring; ſo Mares are coupled with Horſes that ſubdued their Foremates. It is for Beaſts alone to be dragged

dragged to any, and to every Male. By this Example it appears that you have loſt all Memory of your former Huſband. It is not without Reaſon that I bear the Reſemblance of a Fool; for I cannot doubt that he who could deſtroy a Brother would with like Gruelty rage againſt his other Kindred. It is ſafer to wear the Garb of Folly than of Senſe, and I muſt borrow a Safeguard from the loweſt Species of Madneſs. Yet the Care of revenging my Father is ever preſent to my Mind, but I wait for Times and Seaſons. The ſame Place ſuits not with every Scene or Purpoſe againſt a dark and cruel Mind, much Thought is requiſite. But for you to lament my Madneſs is vain, when you ought rather to deplore your own Infamy; you ſhould therefore not lament another's but your own Failing, for the reſt be on your Guard and keep the ſtricteſt Silence. By ſuch Reproach did he endeavour to recall his Heart-rent Mother to the Practice of former Habits of Virtue, and to teach her to prefer the former Flames of chaſter Love to the preſent criminal Tranſports."

Fengo returns, and of every one, and every where enquires for his injudicious Spy; but he is no more to be found, nor does any one remember to have ſeen him. *Amleth*, in jeſt, is aſked whether he could diſcover any Tracts of him; and replies, "that he went in at the Sewer, fell to the Bottom, was kept down by the Mud, and devoured by the Hogs, who thronged to the Draught." Which Declara-

tion, though true, ſeeming idle and fooliſh, was treated as ridiculous.

When *Fengo* no longer doubted of the Subtilty of his Son-in-law, he reſolved to deſtroy him, but was afraid to execute his Purpoſe on account of his Grandfather, *Roderic*, and the Diſpleaſure of his own Wife. To cover his Guilt by the Service of another, he purpoſes to have him deſtroyed by means of the King of *Britain*. Thus deſirous of concealing his Cruelty, he chuſes rather to pollute his Friend than to be thought infamous himſelf.

Amleth, departing in ſecret, directs his Mother to furniſh the Hall with Hangings well knotted together, and at the Expiration of a Year to report him dead, and celebrate his funeral Obſequies, and at that very time he promiſes to return.

He is attended by two of *Fengo*'s Officers, bearing Letters inſcribed on Wood (for that was once a famous Manner of Writing) by which it was given in Charge to the King of *Britain* to deſtroy the young Man that was ſent to him.

Whilſt theſe Officers ſlept, *Amleth* examining their Baggage diſcovers theſe Tablets; having read them, he rubs out what was written therein, and inſerting other Characters, changes the Tenor of the Mandate from his own Deſtruction to the Death of his Attendants.

tendants. Nor ſatisfied with this Alteration, whereby he ſaves his own Life and expoſes that of his Guards, he adds, as the earneſt Entreaty of *Fengo*, that the King of *Britain* would beſtow his Daughter in Marriage upon that Youth he had ſent him, who was moſt wiſe and prudent.

When they came to *Britain* the Envoys waited on the King, and preſented the Inſtrument for their own Deſtruction, though they thought it threatned not them but their Companion.

The King, taking no Notice to them of the Inſtructions delivered him, entertains them with great Magnificence and Hoſpitality, when *Amleth*, deſpiſing the Splendor of the royal Tables as if they contained but common Food, abſtains in a ſurpriſing Manner from the richeſt Exhibition of Dainties, both in Meats and Drinks.

All admired that a Youth of foreign Extract ſhould nauſeate the choiceſt Dainties of the royal Board and moſt excellent Luxury, as if it were coarſe and homely Fare.

The Banquet ended, the King diſmiſſed his Friends that they might retire to Reſt, but took Care, by one ſent privately and hid in their Apartments, to be informed of the Converſation of his Gueſts. When *Amleth* being aſked by his Comrades why he abſtained from the Entertainment of Yeſterday as from

Poiſon?

Poiſon? "replied that the Bread was ſprinkled with the Contagion of Blood, that the Wine taſted of the Sword, that the animal Food ſavoured of the Corpſe of a dead Man, and was as offenſive as the Smell of a Sepulchre."

He added "that the King had mean Eyes, that the Queen in three Inſtances reſembled a Servant;" railing not only at the Feaſt but at the Authors of it.

His Companions, upbraiding him with his former want of Underſtanding, began to abuſe him for having found Fault with approved good Things, blamed what was proper, and ſlandered with indecent Language a great King, and a Queen of refined Manners, and treated with Diſgrace and Indignity thoſe who really deſerved Applauſe.

Which Circumſtances being related to the King by his Officer, he declared the Wiſdom or Madneſs of him who had related ſuch Things of more than mortal Growth in ſo few Words to ſhew ſuch Extent of Knowledge. He ſent for the Steward, and enquired of him where he had the Bread, and when he was told that it was made by the Baker to the Houſhold, he aſked again where the Corn grew, and if there was any Sign of human Slaughter in that Place?

He anſwered "that there was a Field not far off covered with the Bones of Men long ſince ſlain, yet manifeſtly exhibiting the Remains of

of ancient Slaughter, which he, with Expectation of greater Plenty, as the richer Soil had ſown with Spring Corn, and therefore he did not know whether the Bread might not have contracted a diſagreeable Taſte."

When the King heard this, believing *Amleth* had ſpoken Truth, he took Care to know whence the Bacon came.

The Man owned that the Swine, ſtraying from his Care, had fed upon the Carcaſe of a Thief, and ſo perhaps the Meat might taſte ſomething like Corruption.

When the King found that his Opinion was true, demanded in this Inſtaece likewiſe with what Liquor he had mixed the Drink? as he knew it to be made of Corn and Water; the Situation of the Spring being ſhewn him he ſet about digging, and found many Swords eaten with Ruſt, from whence he ſuppoſed the Water had contracted that Smell.

Others ſaid the Drink was found fault with becauſe in the Draught he had met with Bees that had been bred in the Belly of a dead Man, and taſted of Comb. By which the King, ſeeing there was ſufficient Reaſon to complain of the Taſte of theſe Things, finding that he himſelf was reproached on account of his Eyes, and knowing that this muſt allude to Baſeneſs of Birth, taking his Mother aſide, demanded of her who was his Father, ſhe declaring ſhe knew no other than the King, by

threatning her with Death unleſs ſhe confeſſed; he diſcovered himſelf to be the Son of a Servant.

Thus by the extorted Confeſſion he came to underſtand that his Origin, which had been reflected on, was at leaſt ambiguous. He is confounded with Shame at this Diſcovery of his Condition, but no leſs charmed with the young Man's Wiſdom; and aſked him why he had reproachfully ſlurred the Queen as one of ſervile Manners? But whilſt he laments that the gentle Diſpoſition of his Wife was attacked by the Diſcourſe of his Gueſt in the Night, he learns that her Mother was a waiting Woman; and whereas he ſaid ſhe exhibited three Defects of a ſervile Nature, they are theſe. One, "that ſhe dreſſed her Head in the ſame Manner as Servants do, another, that ſhe tucked up her Gown in walking, the third was, that ſhe picked her Teeth with a Skewer, and eat the Pickings of them. He took Notice that her Mother was reduced to Servitude by becoming a Captive, ſo that ſhe was not leſs ſervile in her Birth than her Manners."

Such Sagacity being reverenced by the King, as if it were divine, he gave him his Daughter in Marriage, and received his Affirmation of any Thing as if it bore the Teſtimony of Heaven. But as for his Companions, that he might perform the Beheſt of his Friends, he hanged them up the next Day, which, though an Advantage, *Amleth* ſeemed to reſent as an Injury, feigning a Diſtreſs of Mind, and received Money by way of Compoſition

poſition from the King; which he afterwards took Care ſecretly to melt down and pour into hollow Staves.

Having ſtay'd with him a Year, he obtains Leave to depart, and returns home again, taking nothing out of the Magazine of royal Treaſure but the hollow Staves, in which he had poured the Gold. When he arrived at *Jutland*, he reſumed his old Behaviour, changing his late Elegance for the ridiculous Manner he had before employed. And when he entered the Hall, covered with Naſtineſs, where the Funeral Rites were celebrated, he threw every body into great Amazement, becauſe a falſe Report had been ſpread of his Death. At length their Aſtoniſhment was turned into Laughter, and the Gueſts rallied each other upon the Preſence of him alive, to whom they had performed Honours as dead.

When queſtioned concerning his Companions, he ſaid, ſhewing the Staves he held, "Here is both the one and the other;" which was ſaid with equal Wit and Truth, for though it appeared an unmeaning Speech to moſt who heard it, yet ſwerved not from his cuſtomary regard to Truth, ſhewing the Compenſation inſtead of the Men that were executed.

Then mixing with the Waiters, that he might heighten the Mirth of the Table, he ſupplied them with Liquor with more than ordinary Diligence, and that his flowing Habit might not obſtruct his moving up and down, he

he girt it round him with his Belt, and often with Deſign, drawing his Sword, he cut his Fingers with the Point; Care therefore was taken by thoſe about him to faſten his Sword in the Scabbard with a Nail.

That he might the more ſecurely effect his Purpoſe he charged the Nobility with Exceſs of Liquor, till all were overcome with Drinking, and, unable to walk, were obliged to take up their Reſt in the Hall, and ſleep where they had been feaſting. And when he obſerved them in a Condition fit for his Deſigns, believing the Execution of it was in his Power, he puts the Brands he had formerly prepared into his Boſom, and then re-entering the Hall where the Nobles lay ſtretched on the Ground, oppreſſed with Sleep and Surfeit, he let fall the Curtain his Mother had wove, by cutting the Lines that held it round the ſides of the Room, which he drew over them, and faſtened with the Hooks in ſo artful a Manner, that not one of them, though he ſtrove with never ſo much Strength, could poſſibly get up.

After this he ſets fire to the Room, which ſpreading far and wide, ſoon ſet the whole Houſe in a Blaze, deſtroyed the Palace, and burnt all, both thoſe that continued aſleep, and thoſe who laboured to riſe but in vain. Thence haſting to *Fengo*'s Apartment, who had been before conducted thither by his Attendants, he took his Sword that hung by

by his Bed, and put his own in its room; then rouſing his Uncle, he told him that his Nobles were deſtroyed by Fire, that *Amleth* was there, and furniſhed with the Hooks he had formerly made, and was now preſent with him eager to inflict the Vengeance due for his Father's Death.

On hearing this, *Fengo* jumps from his Bed, and was murdered, while diſappointed of his own he vainly endeavours to draw *Amleth*'s Sword. O! brave Man! and worthy everlaſting Renown, who, furniſhing himſelf wiſely with counterfeit Folly, covered more than human Wiſdom under the Guiſe of a Natural, not only ſecured his own Safety by that Artifice, but obtained the Means of compleatly revenging his Father, and having ſo done, it is left for every one to judge which was greater, his Bravery or Wiſdom.

The End of the Third Book of the Hiſtory of *Denmark*, by *SAXO-GRAMMATICUS*.

The next Book opens with the Convention of the Nobles, before whom *Amleth* making an Oration, in which he owns and juſtifies his Conduct, all are moved, ſome to Pity, ſome to Tears, and they proclaim him King.

After this he repairs to *Britain* to reviſit his Wife and Father-in-law. The King had long been under an Engagement to revenge any Injury to *Fengo*; and this prevails over his Affection for a Son-in-law; but unwilling to execute this

this Vengeance himſelf, he ſends him to *Hermutruda*, Queen of *Scotland*, upon an Embaſſy to court her for him, his Wife being dead, and this *Scottiſh* Lady was reported to be of ſo cruel a Temper as to put to Death her Suitors; but ſhe diſcovering the Diſpoſition and Actions of *Amleth*, loves and prevails on him to marry her.

They go to *Britain*, his firſt Wife forgives him, and her Father attacking him with his Forces, is by the *Danes* defeated and ſlain.

Amleth returns home again with both his Wives; where he finds *Viglet*, the Succeſſor of *Roderic*, who was dead. This new Sovereign had ſtript his Mother of her royal Treaſures, and denied the Right of her Son to *Jutland*.

Amleth at laſt is forced to engage him in unequal War, and is ſlain. And the fair *Hermutruda*, who had taken the Camp, and determined to ſhare his Fate, willingly yielded herſelf to the Conqueror's Arms. *Viglet* died in Years, and was ſucceeded by *Wermund*.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS *on the Uſe* Shakeſpear *has made of the foregoing Story in his Tragedy of* Hamlet.

The Fable of the Tragedy of Hamlet.

CLAUDIUS, the reigning King of *Denmark*, having ſecretly murdered his Brother, in order to poſſeſs himſelf of his Throne afterwards, married his Widow; the Ghoſt of the deceaſed King appears to ſome Centinels, who were poſted on the Platform before the Palace; theſe Soldiers tell *Marcellus*, their Officer, what they had ſeen, and he acquainting *Horatio*, the Friend of *Hamlet*, Son to the deceaſed King, with it; theſe two Gentlemen watch one Night on the Platform, with an Intention to ſpeak to the Apparition if it ſhould appear. The Ghoſt at the accuſtomed Hour appears. *Horatio* ſolemnly conjures it to ſpeak, and unfold the Cauſe of its Appearance, but the Ghoſt continues ſilent and ſtalks away.

Horatio thereupon reſolves to tell *Hamlet* what had happened; the Prince, full of Grief for

for his Father's Death, diſpleaſed at his Mother's inceſtuous Marriage, and diſcontented with the Behaviour of his Uncle, immediately concludes from this Account of his Father's Spirit appearing that all was not well, and declares to his two Friends that he will watch with them that Night on the Platform, and ſpeak to the Spirit.

Accordingly at Midnight he meets them at the appointed Place, and the Ghoſt ſoon after appearing, *Hamlet* in a moſt earneſt and affecting Manner conjures it to ſpeak, and acquaint him with the Cauſe of its appearing. The Ghoſt beckens him to follow it; his Companions, apprehending ſome Danger might happen to his Perſon, endeavour to retain him, but in vain, *Hamlet* breaks from them and follows the Ghoſt, who bringing him to a remote Place declares that he is the Spirit of his Father, that he was poiſoned in his Garden by his Brother, who luſted for his Wife and Crown; he then charges him to revenge his Murder, and vaniſhes.

Hamlet vows to fulfil his Commands, and to conceal the Grief and Indignation which prey upon his Heart, and his vowed Purpoſe of Revenge, counterfeits Madneſs; which alarming the guilty King, and troubling his Mother, they ſend for two of his School-fellows to amuſe him, and engage him in Diverſions to abate the Force of his Melancholy.

Polonius,

Polonius, an old Lord, very faithful to the King's Intereſts, and whoſe Daughter, *Ophelia*, *Hamlet* is in Love with; from her Report of a frantic Viſit he made her, concludes he is mad for her; ſhe having, according to his Orders, returned his Letters and Preſents, and refuſed to hear his Profeſſions as uſual. *Pollonius*, having as he thought diſcovered the Cauſe of *Hamlet*'s Madneſs, acquaints the King and Queen with his Suſpicions: *Ophelia* is deſignedly thrown in his way, while the King and *Polonius* conceal themſeves to hear their Diſcourſe.

Hamlet, after uttering a great many ſenſible Extravagancies, leaves *Ophelia* firmly convinced of his Madneſs, which ſhe affectionately deplores; but the King, who had heard all his Diſcourſe, being perſuaded that Love was not the Cauſe of his Melancholy, and that there might be Danger in it, reſolves to ſend him to *England* to demand the Tribute, the Payment of the Tribute which had been long neglected.

Polonius, to whom he communicates this Scheme, approves of it, but adviſes that the Queen ſhould firſt ſend for him, and in a private Converſation intreat him to diſcover the Cauſe of his Uneaſineſs.

The King conſents, mean Time *Hamlet* having engaged ſome Players to repreſent a Piece ſomething like the Murder of his Father, invites

invites the King and Queen to the Play; and he doubting that the Spirit that appeared to him might be a lying Spirit, reſoves to make the Play the Teſt of the King's Conſcience; he therefore deſires his Friend, *Horatio*, to join with him in carefully obſerving the King's Countenance during the Repreſentation of one particular Scene, which reſembles the Circumſtance of his Father's Death, adding,

" ———If his occult Guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one Speech,
It it a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen."

Accordingly the King is ſo much ſtruck with that Scene that he riſes abruptly and goes out, by which *Hamlet* is convinced that the Ghoſt had told him nothing but Truth. The Queen then ſends for *Hamlet* with an Intention to queſtion him concerning his late Behaviour, and *Polonius*, with her Conſent, conceals himſelf behind the Arras to hear their Diſcourſe.

The Queen being frighted at her Son's rude Treatment of her, cries out for Help, *Polonius* behind the Arras echoes her, and *Hamlet*, ſuppoſing it was the King who had concealed himſelf there, kills him.

After a ſevere Lecture to his Mother, he charges her not to diſcover that his Madneſs is feigned, declares that he ſuſpects ſome Treaſon in the Embaſſy he is ſent on to *England*,

land, yet reſolves to go, and madly takes Leave of the King and her for that Purpoſe.

Ophelia, at the News of her Father's being murdered by *Hamlet*, grows diſtracted; her Brother, *Laertes*, fired by Rage and Grief, raiſes a Mutiny to revenge his Father. The King declares that he is innocent of his Father's Death, informs him of the Manner of it, and joins with him in conſpiring the Murder of *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, ſuſpecting the Letters his two Schoolfellows carried to *England* contained ſome dangerous Inſtructions concerning himſelf, ſteals them, and upon examining them finds therein an earneſt Requeſt from his Uncle to the King of *England*, to put him to Death on his Arrival at his Court.

Hamlet ſuppreſſes this Letter, and writes another in the Name of his Uncle to the ſame King, in which he deſires him to put the Bearers of that Letter to Death; this Packet he lays in the Place from whence he had taken the other.

The next Day they are attacked by a Pyrate, they fight, and *Hamlet* boarding it alone, is taken Priſoner, and his two Companions continue their Voyage to *England*.

Hamlet prevails upon the Pirates to land him in *Denmark*; the King hearing of his Return, urges *Laertes*, who breathes nothing but

Revenge againſt him, to kill him treacherouſly as they are fencing with Foils, to which he will engage him, by pretending to lay a Wager on his ſuperior Skill at that Exerciſe.

Laertes conſents, and adds that he will anoint the Point of his Sword with a ſtrong Poiſon, that if he draws Blood he may be ſure to kill him.

In the mean Time the diſtracted *Ophelia* is accidentally drowned; the King, the Queen, and her Brother attend her Funeral; As ſoon as ſhe is laid in the Earth, *Laertes*, in a Tranſport of Grief, leaps into her Grave. *Hamlet*, underſtanding that it is *Ophelia* whom they had buried, wildly aſſerting his Claim as a Lover to ſuperior Sorrow, leaps into the Grave likewiſe, where *Laertes*, quite overcome with Rage and Grief, furiouſly faſtens on him; they are with Difficulty parted by the King's Command, and ſome time after the King, as if nothing had happened, ſends a Meſſage to *Hamlet*, requeſting him to fence with *Laertes* for a conſiderable Wager; *Hamlet* obeys, they meet in a Hall, the King and Queen being preſent.

The King, to make ſure Work, after drinking *Hamlet*'s Health, poiſons the Wine, and offers the Cup to *Hamlet*; he refuſes it, and the Queen, not knowing that the Wine is poiſoned, drinks, though the King endeavours to prevent her. *Laertes* wounds *Hamlet* with the poiſoned Rapier, in the Scuffle they

they change Weapons, and *Hamlet* wounds *Laertes*, they both bleed; the Queen is ſeized with the Agonies of Death, ſhe tells her Son that the Wine is poiſoned, and expires.

Laertes, full of Remorſe for the Treachery he had been guilty of, confeſſes the whole Contrivance, and the Part the King had in it. *Hamlet* ſtabs the King with the poiſoned Sword that had wounded both him and *Laertes*, and upon the King's calling for Help obliges him to drink of the Wine he had poiſoned.

The King dies, and *Hamlet* and *Laertes* exchanging Forgiveneſs with each other, both expire. *Hamlet* with his laſt Breath commanding his Friend, *Horatio*, who would have killed himſelf, to live and do Juſtice to his Fame, by declaring his Story to the World.

The Tranſlation of the Story of *Amleth* from the *Daniſh* Hiſtory of *Saxo-Grammaticus*, I was favoured with by a Friend; the Story itſelf is full of ridiculous Fancies, wild and improbable Circumſtances, and as it is conducted, has more the Appearance of a Romance than an Hiſtorical Fact.

That *Shakeſpear* founded his *Tragedy of Hamlet* upon it is very plain, but is it uncertain whether he ſaw a literal Tranſlation of it, or met with the Incidents dreſt up like a Novel, and perhaps with thoſe Alterations which he has adopted in his Play. All the principal Circumſtances are the ſame in the

Play as the Hiſtory. In both a Prince murders his Brother, uſurps his Dignity, and marries his Widow: The Son of the murdered Prince reſolves to revenge his Father; for that Purpoſe he feigns himſelf mad, and at laſt accompliſhes his Deſign; ſeveral of the leſſer Circumſtances are alſo as exactly copied, and others have afforded Hints for new ones.

Amleth has a private Interview with his Mother, and kills the Spy who had been appointed to overhear their Converſation. *Hamlet* likewiſe viſits the Queen in her Apartment, and kills *Polonius*, who had concealed himſelf behind the Hangings.

When the Spies are removed the Diſcourſe of the two Princes is much the ſame; they reproach their Mothers with their inceſtuous Marriage, ſharply reprove them for their Crimes declare their Madneſs to be feigned, and enjoin them to Secreſy.

The Embaſſy to *England* is deſigned after the Hiſtory. *Shakeſpear* indeed makes *Hamlet*, after two Days Abſence, be ſet on ſhore again at *Denmark*; and *Amleth* in the Hiſtory arrives in *England*, has his Companions hanged, and marries the King's Daughter before he comes back. But *Shakeſpear*'s Plan required the immediate Return of *Hamlet*; however the Contrivance of changing the Letters are the ſame, and of puniſhing the treacherous Bearers of them. *Shakeſpear* makes

thoſe Bearers the Schoolfellows, and profeſt Friends of *Hamlet*; a Circumſtance which heightens their Baſeneſs, and juſtifies the Artifice he uſes to procure their Puniſhment.

The Deſign of entrapping *Amleth* by means of a Girl, has not been wholly neglected by *Shakeſpear*, though he manages this Incident much more decently. *Ophelia*, with whom he is in Love, is ordered to throw herſelf in his way, and the King and his Confident liſten to their Converſation. 'Tis very eaſy to ſee he took the Hint of this Stratagem from the Story, though it is very differently conducted, for *Ophelia* is not a looſe Wanton as in the Hiſtory, but a Woman of Honour, with whom he is in love. The accidental killing of her Father, and her Diſtraction, which was cauſed by it, is all his own Invention, and would have made a very affecting Epiſode if the Lady had been more modeſt in her Frenzy, and the Lover more uniformly afflicted for her Death; for at his firſt hearing it he expreſſes only a ſlight Emotion; preſently he jumps into her Grave, fiercely demands to be buried with her, fights with her Brother for profeſſing to love her, then grows calm, and never thinks of her any more.

The Ghoſt is wholly the Invention of *Shakeſpear*, as is likewiſe the King's concerted Scheme with *Laertes*, to kill *Hamlet* treacherouſly as they fenced, or if he failed to poiſon the Wine. The King is killed by *Hamlet* both in the Hiſtory and the Play, but

in the Play he is ſtabb'd in the midſt of his Friends, Guards, and Attendants; in the Hiſtory as he is riſing in Confuſion from his Bed, and unable to draw his Sword to defend himſelf.

Here the Hiſtorian, romantic as his Relation ſeems, has the Advantage of the Poet in Probability. After *Amleth* has ſecured his Uncle's Attendants, taken away his Sword from him, and placed his own, which was faſtened to the Scabbard, in its ſtead; it was not difficult for him to kill him diſarmed, and without any Aſſiſtance.

But *Shakeſpear* makes *Hamlet* execute his Vengeance on the King in a public Hall, crouded with his Attendants and Guards, and ſurrounded by his Friends; none of theſe offer to aſſiſt him, and *Hamlet* has leiſure enough after he has ſtabbed him to make him drink ſome of the Wine he had poiſoned, leſt his Sword had not compleated the Work.

The Queen's Death, by drinking ignorantly of the poiſoned Wine is a beautiful Stroke of the Poet's. The Hiſtory ſhews her unfortunate, but *Shakeſpear* makes the ſame Man who ſeduced her to Wickedneſs be her involuntary Murderer, and at once the Cauſe and Puniſher of her Guilt.

Shakeſpear has with Reaſon been cenſured for the Cataſtrophe of this Tragedy. The brave, the injured *Hamlet* falls with the Murderers

derers he puniſhes; one Fate overwhelms alike the innocent and the guilty. In the Hiſtory we find he did not live long after the ſevere Revenge he took for his Father's Murder, but was unfortunately killed in Battle. *Shakeſpear* would not ſo far deviate from the Hiſtory as to leave him happy and in Peace, though he has haſtened his Death as well as changed the Manner of it. He is killed by the treacherous Contrivance of the King, and *Laertes* is the Inſtrument of that Treachery, which is afterwards turned upon himſelf.

As *Laertes* is a ſubordinate Character in the Play, it ſeems to be a Fault in *Shakeſpear* to ſhew him with a Similitude of Manners, under the ſame Circumſtances, and acting upon the ſame Principles as *Hamlet*, his Hero. *Laertes* is brave and generous; his Father is murdered baſely as he is informed; Duty and Honour incite him to revenge his Death, and he does ſo.

This Sameneſs of Character, and Parity of Circumſtances with the Hero, leſſens his Importance, and almoſt divides our Attention and Concern between them; an Effect which *Shakeſpear* certainly did not intend to produce, nor can it be leſſened by the Conſideration of the treacherous Meaſures *Laertes* was prevailed upon to enter into againſt *Hamlet*, who had murdered his Father. In this he does not differ much from *Hamlet*, who did not attempt by open Force to revenge his Father's Mur-

der

der on his Uncle, but deſigned to accompliſh it by Subtilty and Craft.

The ſame Equality is preſerved in their Deaths, and in their Actions throughout the Play. *Laertes* wounds *Hamlet* with the poiſoned Weapon, in the Scuffle they change Rapiers, and *Hamlet* wounds *Laertes*, and they exchange Forgiveneſs with each other before they die.

Thus has *Shakeſpear*, undeſignedly, no doubt given us two Heroes inſtead of one in this Play; the only Difference between them is that one of them is a Prince, the other a Nobleman, and but for this ſlight Diſtinction the Play might have been as well called the *Tragedy of Laertes* as *Hamlet*.

It ought to be obſerved that *Shakeſpear* has not been led into this Error by the Hiſtory; the Character of *Laertes*, and all the Circumſtances relating to him is his own, which he has introduced by making the Spy, who is killed, Father of *Laertes*.

The Madneſs of *Hamlet* ſeems to be leſs eſſential to the Play than the Hiſtory; in the latter it affords him the Means of executing a Contrivance, which, abſurd as it is, ſecures the Accompliſhment of his Revenge; but in the Play it is of no other Uſe than to enliven the Dialogue, unleſs its Uſefulneſs may be deduced from its bringing on ſuch Accidents as it was aſſumed to prevent; for *Hamlet*'s Mad-

neſs

neſs alarms the King's Suſpicion, and that produces the treacherous Embaſſy to *England*, which failing, the Contrivance of the poiſoned Rapier followed, and that does the Buſineſs.

But ſince the King's conſcious Guilt and Terror might reaſonably have created a Diſtruſt of *Hamlet*, and that Diſtruſt, and a Deſire of Security induced him to ſeek his Death, what need had *Shakeſpear* to make his Heroe's Senſe and Diſcretion appear doubtful, by ſhewing him feigning a Madneſs, deſtructive to his Safety, and which he himſelf knows to be ſo, and yet perſiſts in.

Shakeſpear has indeed followed the Hiſtory in making *Hamlet* feign himſelf mad; but that Madneſs being of no Conſequence to the principal Deſign of the Play, as it is in the Hiſtory, or if of Conſequence it hurts the Reputation of his Hero, 'tis certainly a Fault; for at leaſt he only produces the ſame Events by a Blunder, which might have happened without it.

The Violation of poetical Juſtice is not the only Fault that ariſes from the Death of *Hamlet*; the revenging his Father's Murder is the ſole End of all his Deſigns, and the great Buſineſs of the Play, and the noble and fixed Reſolution of *Hamlet* to accompliſh it, makes up the moſt ſhining Part of his Character; yet this great End is delayed till after *Hamlet* is

is mortally wounded: He stabs the King immediately upon the Information of his Treachery to himself! thus his Revenge becomes interested, and he seems to punish his Uncle rather for his own Death, than the Murder of the King, his Father.

FINIS.

BOOKS Printed for A. MILLAR, *in the* Strand.

1. THE FEMALE QUIXOTE; or the Adventures of ARABELLA, 2 vols. The Second Edition, revised and corrected. Price 6s.

2. The Life of HARRIOT STUART, 2 vols. Price 5s.

The above by the Author of SHAKESPEAR Illustrated.

3. The Works of Mr. THOMPSON. In 3 vols. Octavo, with Cuts.

4. Ditto Four Volumes Twelves. To both which are added, Some POEMS never before printed.

5. The *Seasons*, in a Pocket Edition, and most of the Pieces separate.

6. The Works of Mr. MALLET, consisting of Plays and Poems.

7. POEMS in 2 vols. The Second Edition.

8. The TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY: Or, A Collection of *Scots* and *English* Songs, 4 vols.—*N. B.* The 4th Volume is to be had alone, to complete the Sets of such as bought the 3 Vols. The Eleventh Edition.

9. The History of the ADVENTURES of JOSEPH ANDREWS, and his Friend Mr. ABRAHAM ADAMS. Written in Imitation of the *Manner* of CERVANTES, Author of *Don Quixote*. The Fifth Edition, revised and corrected, with Alterations and Additions, and illustrated with Cuts. 2 vols.

10. MISCELLANIES. In 3 vols.

Containing

Vol. 1. All his Works and some short Essays in Prose

Vol. 2. A Journey from this World to the next, *&c.*

Vol. 3. The History of that truly renowned Person *Jonathan Wild*, Esq; In which not only his Character, but that of divers other *great Personages* of his Time are set in a just and true Light.

11.

11. The History of TOM JONES, a Foundling. The Fourth Edition, in 4 vols.

12. AMELIA, 4 vol. 12mo.

These Four by *Henry Fielding*.

13. The ADVENTURES of DAVID SIMPLE: Containing an Account of his Travels thro' the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, in the Search of a REAL FRIEND. By a LADY. The Second Edition, reviſed and corrected, with Alterations and Additions; and a Preface by *Henry Fielding*, Eſq; 5 vols. 15s.

Note, The Third and Fourth Volume containing Familiar Letters, may be had ſeparate: As alſo the Fifth, being the Concluſion of his Adventures.

14. The GOVERNESS: Or, The LITTLE FEMALE ACADEMY. Calculated for the Entertainment and Inſtruction of young Ladies in their Education. By the Author of DAVID SIMPLE. The Second Edition, reviſed and corrected. A Book entirely adapted, and exceeding proper, for the Uſe of Schools.

15. The HISTORY of CORNELIA.

16. LEONORA: Or, *Characters drawn from real Life*. Containing a greater Variety of Incidents, interſperſed with Reflections Moral and Entertaining. The Second Edition, 2 vols.

17. The LADY's DRAWING-ROOM. Being a faithful Picture of the Great World. In which the various Humours of both Sexes are diſplay'd. *Drawn from the Life*; and interſperſed with entertaining and affecting Novels.

18. A POETICAL TRANSLATION of the Works of HORACE: With the *Original Text* and *Notes*, collected from the beſt *Latin* and *French* Commentators on that Author, By the Reverend Mr. PHILIP FRANCIS, Rector of *Skeyton* in *Norfolk*. In 4 vols. Octavo.